* Jan. 3, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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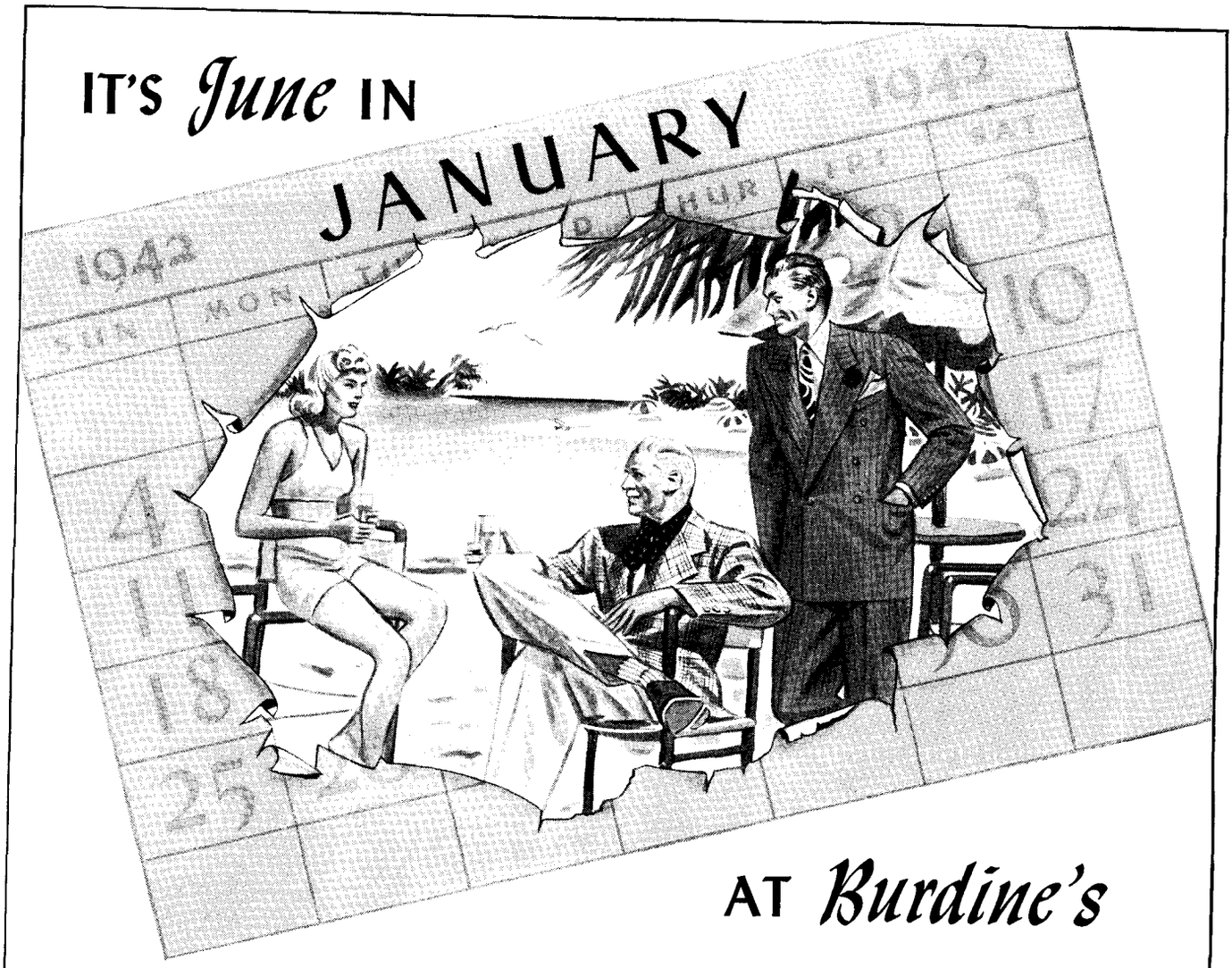
IT'S *June* IN JANUARY



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, as indicated below, there has been some juggling of the regular midweek-matinée schedule to take advantage of expected holiday business. There may be last-minute changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—An excellent melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 1-3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Candle in the Wind—Half anti-Nazi sermon, half war melodrama, this Maxwell Anderson play isn't quite successful on either level, but a splendid production by the Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company probably makes it worth your attention. Helen Hayes, Evelyn Varden, Tonio Selwart, and John Wengraf are in the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., Jan. 10.)

Clash by Night—Tallulah Bankhead in Clifford Odets' somewhat disappointing play about some domestic difficulties on Staten Island. With Joseph Schildkraut, Lee J. Cobb, and Katherine Locke. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are fine for two acts but become a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

The Corn Is Green—Miss Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. An occasionally moving play, always beautifully acted. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of two little girls called Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

The Land Is Bright—The ups and downs of an American family rather luridly described by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Interesting enough in spite of its broadly melodramatic treatment. Martha Sleeper, Phyllis Povah, Diana Barrymore, and Arnold Moss are among the players. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., Jan. 3.)

Letters to Lucerne—A rather touching little play about the effect of the war on a group of girls in a Swiss school. There are very nice performances by Nancy Wiman, Sonya Stokowski, and Grete Mosheim. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive stage version of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Macbeth—Maurice Evans and Margaret Webster collaborating on Shakespeare's best detective story. Judith Anderson is magnificent as the lady with the bloody hands. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri. and Sat., Jan. 2-3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 10.

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A good, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. George Kaufman's direction is superb. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Spring Again—Grace George's gentle, eloquent performance is a great help to this modest comedy about a lady who gets terribly sick of her husband's ancestors. With C. Aubrey Smith and Joseph Buloff. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except Jan. 1, and Sat.)

Theatre—Somerset Maugham's novel has not been improved in its transition to the stage, but you may want to see Cornelia Otis Skinner at last surrounded by a group of living actors. They include Arthur Margetson, Viola Roache, and Frederick Bradlee. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat., Jan. 7 and 10. Closes Sat., Jan. 10.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's eloquent story of a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

The Wookey—Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's conception of the behavior of a typical cockney family under the bombs. Extraordinary scenery and sound effects and a splendid cast headed by Edmund Gwenn and Heather Angel make the play seem rather better than it is. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., Jan. 3.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

In Time to Come—A play by Howard Koch and John Huston, with Richard Gaines, Nedda Harrigan, and Russell Collins. Staged and produced by Otto L. Preminger. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

WITH MUSIC

Banjo Eyes—Eddie Cantor, back after twelve years, in a routine but lavish musical based on "Three Men on a Horse." His assistants include Audrey Christie, Lionel Stander, and the De Marcos. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Best Foot Forward—The locale of George Abbott's latest comedy is a preparatory school, but don't let that intimidate you, because it is about as fresh and gay as it can be. The scenery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by Gene Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. The cast is large and fine and very, very young. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

It Happens on Ice—Some lovely skating which starts off by being quite exciting but which you may find somewhat wearing before it's over. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter; also Sun. at 3.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence in something that Moss Hart probably had to get out of his system. Miss Lawrence is superb. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Eve Arden and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Panama Hattie—Frances Williams taking the place of Ethel Merman in a superior musical comedy that is somehow concerned with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. Cole Porter wrote the songs, and Arthur Treacher and James Dunn are in the cast. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., Jan. 3.)

Sons o' Fun—Olsen and Johnson's new brain storm is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser help to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun., and Thurs., Jan. 1.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The First Crocus—A play by Arnold Sundgaard, produced by T. Edward Hambleton. Opens Fri., Jan. 2. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Lady Comes Across—A musical comedy by Fred Thompson and Dawn Powell, with songs by Vernon Duke and John Latouche, and a cast headed by Jessie Matthews and Joe E. Lewis. Produced by George Hale. Opens Fri., Jan. 2. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Papa Is All—A comedy by Patterson Greene, with Jessie Royce Landis. Staged by Frank Carrington and Agnes Morgan and produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Tues., Jan. 6. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Johnny on a Spot—A play by Parke Levy and Alan Lipscott, revised and staged by Charles MacArthur, with a cast which includes Keenan Wynn, Edith Atwater, and Will Geer. Produced by the Shuberts. Opens Thurs., Jan. 8. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—"Iolanthe," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Jan. 1-3 and 8-10, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Junior Programs—"The Adventures of Marco Polo," a play with music: Fri. Aft., Jan. 2, at 2:30. (New Yorker, 54, W. CI 6-7499.)

Museum of Modern Art—The following movies will be shown at 10:30 A.M.: nine short animated cartoons (1879-1933), Fri., Jan. 2; "Sherlock, Jr."

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(1924) and "Big Business" (1929), Sat., Jan. 3. (11 W. 53. CI 5-8900.)

SUZARI MARIONETTES—"Buffalo Bill" and "Peter and the Wolf": Thurs., Jan. 1, at 11 A.M. and 1 and 3 P.M. (Concert Theatre, 58, E. of B'way. CI 6-6085.)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S OPERA COMPANY—"The Sleeping Beauty": Thurs., Jan. 1, at 3 and 8:15 P.M. (Renaissance Hall, 130 W. 56. For tickets, call CI 6-2446.)

YOUNG THEATRE PLAYERS—"The Emperor's New Clothes," a play with music: daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., through Sun., Jan. 4. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

DORIS HUMPHREY AND CHARLES WEIDMAN—Presenting the opening programs of their repertory season: "Flickers," "On My Mother's Side," "Alcina," and "Variations," Fri. and Sat. Eves., Jan. 2-3, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., Jan. 3, at 4. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

GRAFF BALLET—A Chicago company making one of its infrequent appearances here: Fri. Eve., Jan. 9, at 8:30. (Concert Theatre, 58, E. of B'way. CI 6-6085.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is where Arthur Murray's honor students do their homework, assisted by Jules Lande's orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Unmistakably tropical, with a show headed by Joe E. Lewis. Charles Baum's orchestra and a samba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Joseph C. Smith and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Ted Straeter's and Bob Knight's orchestras and handsome surroundings. . . . Bobby Parks' orchestra plays in the Monte Carlo Beach, next door.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Waiters in knee breeches give the Cotillion Room a lordly air. Adelaide Moffett (through Thurs., Jan. 8) and Rosario and Antonio head the show and the music is by Neil Bondshu's orchestra and a rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Kitty Carlisle sings in the Persian Room, where the music is by Dick Gasparre's orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The present show, with Russell Swann, Matty Malneck's orchestra, and the Velero Sisters' rumba band, will be replaced on Wed., Jan. 7, by a new one, with Elsie Houston, Charles Weidman, Carmen Caballaro's orchestra, and Clemente's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra keeps right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis and her ice show are in the Iridium Room, and so is Hal Saunders' orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . Mme. Claude Alphand is singing in La Maisonette, downstairs, where the music is by Paul Sparr's orchestra.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde and Bob Grant's orchestra will be replaced on Fri., Jan. 9, by a dance team and Ernie Holst's orchestra.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Filled with the better-looking uniforms, Ernie Holst's orchestra (to be replaced by Bob Grant's on Fri., Jan. 9) and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Jane Pickens and the present show will be replaced by Billy de Wolfe and other entertainers, among them a tightwire-walker, on Thurs., Jan. 8. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band will stay on.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Georges and Jalna are dancing in the Wedgwood Room, where, at the supper hour, there are also songs by Tito Guizar. Eddy Duchin's orchestra is around practically all the time. . . . Evalyn Tyner's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—For moments when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dim little place with a number of performers, including Paula Laurence, who sings sly songs. . . . **LE PETIT PALAIS**, 17 W. 56 (CO 5-7435): the old France in a new setting, with songs by Anne Francine. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings her hearty songs and the Revuers provide their own kind of songs and foolishness. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the log fire are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): the present show, with Imogene Coca, will be replaced by a new one, with Carlos Ramirez and Cross and Dunn, on Fri., Jan. 2. Cy Walter's orchestra will remain. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive spot for a casual good time, with Nick D'Amico's orchestra. Sylvia Marlowe heads the small show. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): Hazel Scott, mistress of the Negro ceremonies, keeps cool and contained, even while John Kirby's and Eddie South's bands are raising a rumpus. The Golden Gate Quartet is around, too. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Val Olman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra will be replaced by Ray Morton's on Tues., Jan. 6. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra (fill-in band Tues., Jan. 6) and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra will be replaced by Charlie Spivak's on Thurs., Jan. 8. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): those who don't mind smoke-filled cellars may find Huddy Ledbetter, Joshua White, and the other folk singers diverting. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): mainly South American; Jack Harris's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard in a Billy Rose show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson, Teddy Wilson's orchestra, and Kenneth Spencer. Closed Mon. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio; on Mon., a juke box. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Frankie Newton's band, the King Cole Trio, and sawdust on the floor.

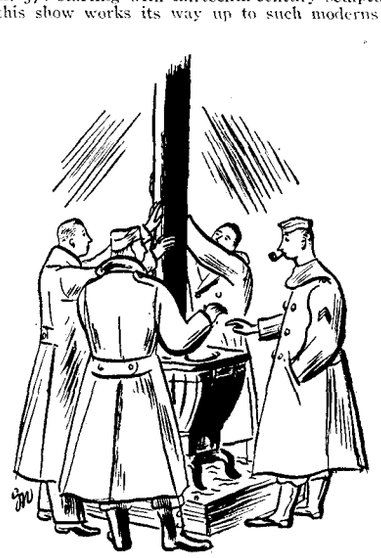
FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on New Year's.)

AMERICAN NEGRO—Two superb oils by Horace Pippin lead a vigorous and comprehensive exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by American Negro artists: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS—At the **ANDRE SELIGMANN**, 15 E. 57: starting with thirteenth-century sculpture, this show works its way up to such moderns as van Gogh and Jon Corbino. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 10. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: paintings and other works by Vlaminck, Laurencin, Picasso, and a number of other French artists; Darrel Austin, Frederick Haucke, and Saul Schary are represented among the Americans. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 2.



BLOMSHIELD—Some fine still-lifes in a show of generally competent work: O'Toole, 24 E. 64. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 10.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern P'kway—Large, discursive exhibition of Latin-American arts and crafts, ranging from pottery and textiles to native paintings and sculptures. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Jan. 4.

BURLIUK—Paintings made during a trip through the South and Southwest that seems to have inspired some of his best Expressionist work to date: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 10.

CHARLOT AND BOUDIN—The paintings by the first, done in 1924 and 1925, are an interesting illustration of the beginnings of his Mexican style; Miss Boudin's sculptures, mainly of Negro subjects, are rhythmic and graceful: Bonestell, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3.

CITRON—Quirkily sympathetic studies of Tennessee Valley scenes and people: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3.

DERAIN AND UTRILLO—Oils, mostly recent and most of them never seen here before: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 7.

EARLY AMERICANS—At the **JOHN LEVY**, 1 E. 57: paintings by Thomas Sully, Charles Willson Peale, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76: portraits of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century New Yorkers by Trumbull, Ralph Earl, and still earlier artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 4 P.M.; through Jan. 25.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS—Eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such less well-known artists as Francis Abbott and William Owen: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 10.

FREDENTHAL AND CEIKE—Big, splashily vigorous figure compositions, mixed with more delicately handled landscapes, by the first; the second shows New York scenes mostly, done with feeling and assurance: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3.

FRENCH—Selected paintings by Derain, Matisse, Soutine, and other contemporary artists: Zborowski, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

KUHN—Lively little show of his circus sketches, in ink and water color: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3.

MARIN—New oils and water colors, most of them centred, as usual, on Cape Split, Maine: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's, 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Large and stirring exhibition of architectural etchings by Piranesi, including many of his fantastic prison interiors (through March 29). The Christmas show this year, though it's held in the Junior Museum and planned for children mainly, shouldn't be missed by adults. Some fine paintings, sculptures, tapestries, and so on, handsomely grouped, are on display (through Sun., Jan. 4). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's, 1 to 4 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A big retrospective of works by Dali and Miró, with about fifty paintings by each of these much-discussed modern artists, as well as several of their drawings. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

HERE AND THERE—At the **UPTOWN**, 249 West End Ave., at 72: paintings by Abraham Levin. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 30. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: small sculptures and prints by European and American artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: paintings by Winslow Homer. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 9. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: group show of oils and water colors by this gallery's artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: decorative panels and sculptures by Charles Prendergast. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 2. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: paintings by Vladimir Boberman and Manuel Ortiz. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 10. . . . **PEN AND BRUSH CLUB**, 16 E. 10: members' show of oils and water colors. Weekdays, including New Year's, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR

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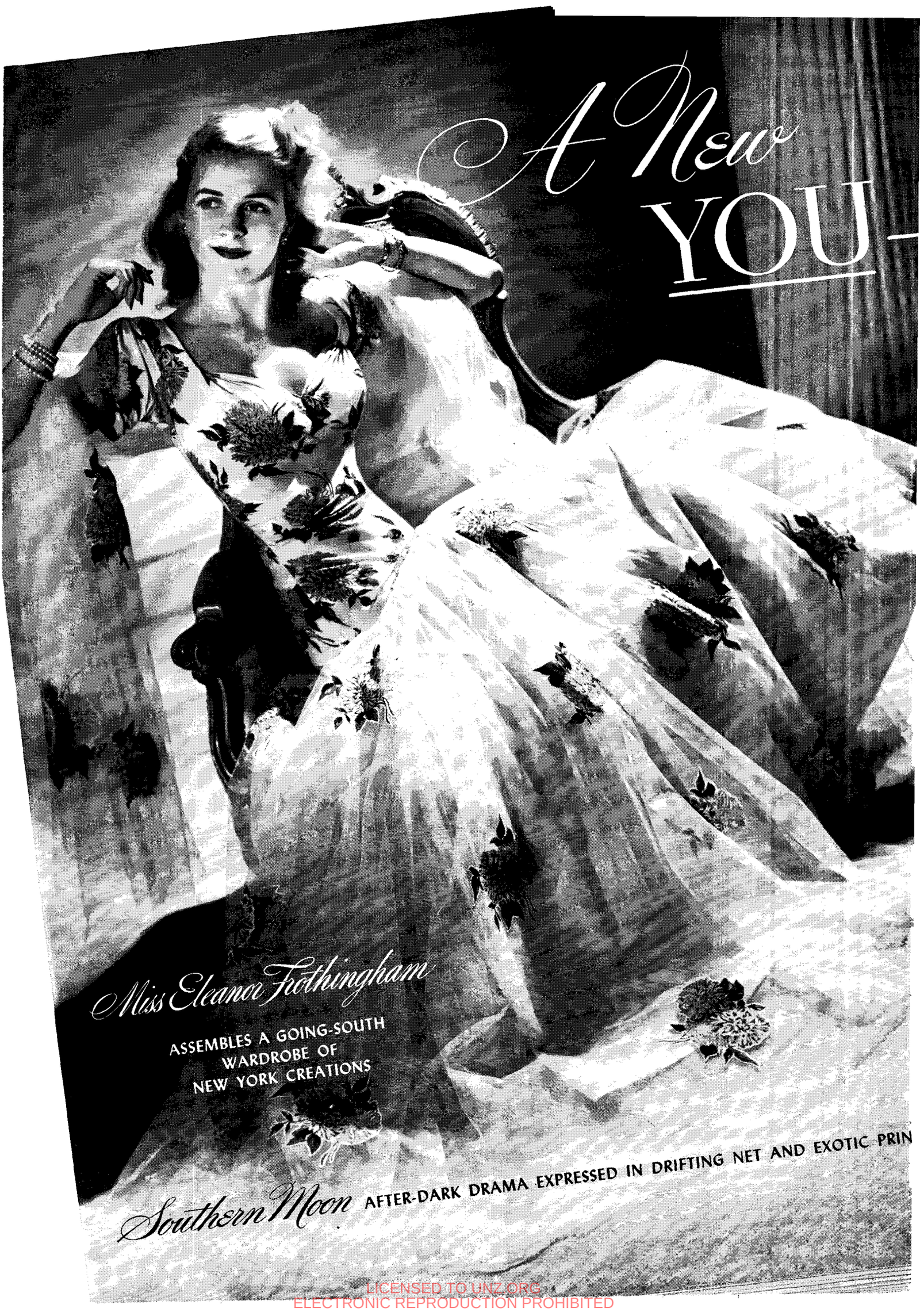
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Golf dress in two-tone contrast with skirt and back cut for action.

Afternoon in flamboyant printed jersey defined by shoulder to hem drape.

Look for this label in your new dress

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mitropoulos conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 1, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 2, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 3, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Jan. 4, at 3; Wed. Eve., Jan. 7, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 9, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 10, at 8:45. (Soloists: List, Jan. 1-4; Piastro and Schuster, Jan. 10.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Ormandy conducting; soloist, Rubinstein: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 6, at 8:45.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 8, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., Jan. 10, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., Fri. Eve., Jan. 9, at 8:30. (ST 3-6700.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Abravanel conducting; soloist, Jepson: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 4, at 8:45.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Marian Anderson, Mon. Eve., Jan. 5, at 8:30; Byrd Elliot and Mary Crary, Fri. Eve., Jan. 9, at 8:30.

TOWN HALL—Gardner Jencks, Sun. Aft., Jan. 4, at 3; New Friends of Music (Artur Schnabel), Sun. Aft., Jan. 4, at 5:30; Ruth Diehl, Mon. Eve., Jan. 5, at 8:30; Katherine Eyman, Tues. Eve., Jan. 6, at 8:30; Lotte Lehmann, Wed. Eve., Jan. 7, at 8:30; Eugene Gash, Sat. Eve., Jan. 10, at 8:30.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 1; "Otello," Fri. Eve., Jan. 2; "L'Elisir d'Amore," Sat. Aft., Jan. 3; "Der Rosenkavalier," Sat. Eve., Jan. 3; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Mon. Eve., Jan. 5; "Le Nozze di Figaro," Wed. Eve., Jan. 7; "La Fille du Régiment," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 8; "Tosca," Fri. Aft., Jan. 9; "Lohengrin," Fri. Eve., Jan. 9; "The Magic Flute," Sat. Aft., Jan. 10; "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., Jan. 10. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Joe Louis vs. Buddy Baer, 15 rounds, for the heavyweight title; a Navy Relief Society benefit; Fri., Jan. 9. Preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:40 P.M.: Rangers vs. Toronto, Thurs., Jan. 1; Brooklyn Americans vs. Boston, Sun., Jan. 4; Rangers vs. Detroit, Tues., Jan. 6; Brooklyn Americans vs. Detroit, Thurs., Jan. 8. . . . Amateur-series games, at 1:30 P.M.: Thurs. and Sun., Jan. 1 and 4.

HORSE SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, Sat., Jan. 3, at 9:30 A.M.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Chicago vs. National League All-Stars, Polo Grounds, Sun. Aft., Jan. 4, at 2.

OTHER EVENTS

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION—Sketches by the German architect Eric Mendelsohn (through Sun., Jan. 4); also, Buckminster Fuller's latest portable house, which might do very nicely as an air-raid shelter (through Jan. 31): Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's, 12 noon to 6 P.M.

PLANETARIUM—"Mysterious Mars" is the topic of the January lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

MORGAN LIBRARY—"The British Tradition," an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and manuscripts, documents, and other items, from the eleventh through the nineteenth centuries, all having to do with Great Britain and all assembled from the Library's permanent collection; also, a collection of rare silver, lent by J. P. Morgan: 29 E. 36. Weekdays, except New Year's, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 30.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 10.

CHINESE ART—Eighteenth-century mirror pictures, recently brought over from London: Blairman, 55 E. 57. Weekdays, except New Year's, 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 10.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SHOW—Approximately a hundred prints by amateur and professional photographers throughout the country: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Jan. 4.

COSTUMES—A display of accessories—hats, shoes, bags, and so on—such as men and women wore between 1675 and 1900: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays, except New Year's, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

ON THE AIR—"L'Elisir d'Amore," with Sayao and Landi; from the Metropolitan Opera House, Sat. Aft., Jan. 3, at 2, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Mitropoulos conducting, Sun. Aft., Jan. 4, at 3, WABC. . . . Heavyweight-title fight: Joe Louis vs. Buddy Baer, Fri. Eve., Jan. 9, at about 10, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Elmer Davis, Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WABC; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; H. V. Kaltenborn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, and Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF; William L. Shirer, Thurs. Eves. at 6:15, and Sun. Afts. at 5:45, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. Eves. at 10, WOR. . . . News from abroad, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Afts. at 2:30, WABC; and Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English and French furniture, china, silver, and linens, belonging to Leona Jane Hertz: Sat. Aft., Jan. 3, at 2. . . . Part II of the library of the late William H. Woodin: Tues. and Wed. Eves., Jan. 6-7, at 8:15, and Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Jan. 7-8, at 2. . . . English pottery and porcelains, belonging to Mrs. Joseph E. Davies and others: Thurs. Aft., Jan. 8, at 2. . . . Paintings and drawings, including some by El Greco, Ingres, van Gogh, Whistler, and Sargent; also, French and English furniture, Georgian silver, and other items, owned by Esther Slater Kerrigan: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Jan. 8-9, at 8:15, and Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 9-10, at 2.

MOTION PICTURES

DUMBO—Walt Disney's latest feature-length film, and one that is thoroughly delightful. No tricks or surprises this time; just his animals, mostly elephants. (Broadway, B'way at 53. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 6-7. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 7-8.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE—Of life in a pueblo in the Mexican hills as Steinbeck found it. Forthright, vigorous, and stirring, with a commentary by Burgess Meredith. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

HONKY TONK—Just a big Western, devised for the followers and pursuivants of Mr. Gable and of Miss Lana Turner. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Tues., Jan. 6. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Mon. through Thurs., Jan. 5-8. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 6-7.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—The Welsh miners and their lives and troubles, with Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon. A film that seems authentic and careful and very close to the world it describes. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Jan. 8.)

IT STARTED WITH EVE—Harmless and good-natured, if not very exciting, with Deanna Durbin as a poor little thing and Charles Laughton as a grandpa with millions. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave., at 84; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 3-5.)

LABURNUM GROVE—The quaint sketch of the respectable London counterfeiter which we saw on the stage a while back. With Edmund Gwenn in his old rôle. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Mon., Jan. 5.)

LADIES IN RETIREMENT—Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward in that story of murder in the lone cottage on the heath and of the three weird sisters, batty as they come. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Jan. 2. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Jan. 3. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 2-4.)

THE MALTESE FALCON—Dashiell Hammett's vibrating thriller of killers and schemers, turned again into a very lively film. With Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., Jan. 1. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., Jan. 4. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 3-6.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—A scrupulous photographing of the Kaufman-Hart success, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley. Especially for people who saw the play only once or twice or not at all. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

RISE AND SHINE—Football farce, full of surprises, and suitable even for those who never saw a game in their lives. Vaguely derived from Thurber's "My Life and Hard Times," and with Linda Darnell, Jack Oakie, and George Murphy in the cast. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 7-8.)

SERGEANT YORK—The extremely able sketch of the last war and of the Tennessee mountain community which produced the celebrated noncom. With Gary Cooper. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Fri., Jan. 5-9.)

THE SHANGHAI GESTURE—This preposterous extravaganza of naughtiness in the Far East, very prewar, has been screened at last, with Gene Tierney, Victor Mature, Walter Huston, and with Ona Munson as the wickedest woman in China. Not quite, though, what the play was. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

SUSPICION—Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant in a smooth movie of murder and mystery, based on Francis Iles' "Before the Fact" and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Perhaps more on the pretty side than the original novel, yet with some of its excitement. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Tues., Jan. 6.)

REVIVALS

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 7-8.)

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers' last picture. (Park, Columbus Circle; Thurs., Jan. 1.)

THE EARL OF CHICAGO (1940)—American gunmen and British aristocracy. Robert Montgomery. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 3-5.)

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE (1940)—Pare Lorentz's interpretation of De Kruif's maternal-welfare material. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Jan. 4-5.)

GIRLS' DORMITORY (1936)—Schoolgirl romance. Simone Simon, Ruth Chatterton, and Herbert Marshall. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Jan. 2.)

LOVE CRAZY (1941)—Myrna Loy and William Powell, marriage and madness. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Jan. 4-6.)

MATA HARI (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 3-5.)

REMBRANDT (1936)—The artist's later days. Elsa Lanchester, Gertrude Lawrence, and Charles Laughton. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 7-8.)

SOUTH RIDING (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 6-7.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., JAN. 1-2:** "La Maternelle" (1934), Paulette Elambert. **SAT. AND SUN., JAN. 3-4:** "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), Charles Laughton, Mary Boland. Charles Ruggles. **MON. AND TUES., JAN. 5-6:** "Baboona" (1935), Martin Johnson film. **WED. AND THURS., JAN. 7-8:** "Swing Time" (1936), Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire. **FRI. AND SAT., JAN. 9-10:** "The Lower Depths" (1936), French film, Jean Gabin, Louis Jouvet. . . . A series of short British films on civilian defense is shown weekdays at 3 P.M.

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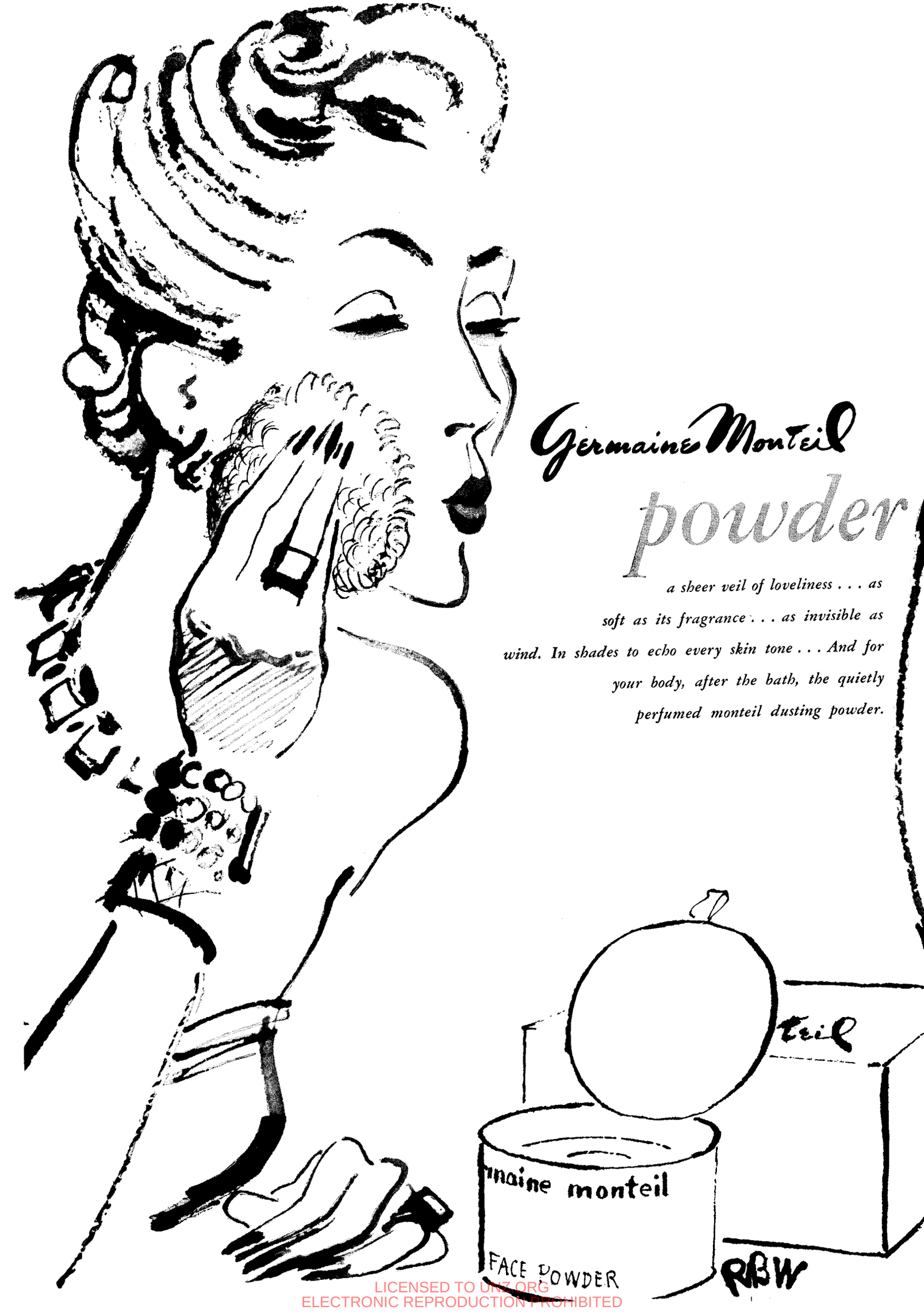
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE is a slight, slight pause, and a sound of fallibility, as one year ends and another begins—as when an automatic record-changer undertakes to keep a symphony going on the phonograph. The strain is enormous on man and his cosmos. The calendar is our own doing, but the cyclic repetition (the thing that happens to a sphere in an orbit) is something that was wished on us; all we know is that time suddenly becomes as real as the heat of the sun. Among humans, something very like unity is achieved in that split second

when midnight of the thirty-first becomes the tick of morning.

ASKED by acquaintances if we had a good Christmas, we have been saying, "Yes, we did." Christmas this year was a sort of enforced interruption, a necessary observance of a significant occasion, not exactly merry, but not gloomy, either. Somehow it seemed a more genuine Christmas than any we can remember. It was appropriate that the day should fall in the middle of the week. The holiday was soon over, and people seemed glad to get back to the matter at hand, to take up again on Friday where they had left off on Wednesday. The most contented, we suppose, were those with definitely pertinent tasks to resume after the interruption. But a great many others as well, with nothing much but their thoughts to work on, were eager to go ahead with what they had been doing. In the weeks since December 7th, people had come through the period of shock, through the momentary personal anxieties, through the inevitable self-examinations, and had emerged, we believe, with something they felt was worth holding onto. What they had found in themselves had turned out to be good—better than they had expected, perhaps. They had discovered a certain inner confidence, an intrinsic courage, cool and tough. Finding it in themselves, they were inclined to believe that the same thing was to be found in their fellows. It seemed to us that people began to look at each other differently, to speak differently. In this country, on this Christmas, there was probably more good will among men than there had been for many a long year. At war with a good-sized portion of the world, and settling down to the fourth week of it, we were, somewhat paradoxically, at peace with one another, and with ourselves.

WE have been remembering, ever since the day we went to war, a young man whose name we didn't catch but whose voice we heard transiently over the radio that evening. "I was surprised, all right," he said, replying to a reporter's question. "The way I thought, they wouldn't do it till after the holidays." At the time this seemed merely vacuous, the kind of thing almost anybody suddenly confronted with a microphone might have blurted out, but the intervening weeks have given it a rather appealing relevance. During those first strange days, no one we saw seemed to be paying more than perfunctory heed to the approach of the glad season. Then, gradually, facts became discernible through the chaos. War had stayed put in the Pacific as well as in Libya and Russia—familiar battlegrounds, soothingly remote. Sales of blackout material began to level off while colored lights and tinsel soared. Night-club proprietors, having noticed a pickup in trade after the sinking of a Japanese transport, wished the United States another military victory, to take place just before New Year's Eve, and the Grand Central Oyster Bar, ordering a hundred thousand oysters for Hangover Stew, joined in the wish. Among ordinary people everywhere there seemed to be a persistent and touching hope, the next thing to belief, that destruction would somehow remain impersonal and distant until the year could be seen out and the last tree decently untrimmed.

All this reminded us of a childhood fancy of ours. Waking up in the dark, hearing small, sourceless noises in the quiet house, was always a little terrifying, except on Saturday night after twelve. We were safe then, we knew, for burglars, like everyone else, stayed home from business on the day of rest. We are not quite sure how we managed to evolve this helpful conviction, but a number of our fellow-citizens seem also to have learned the trick. We wish them a good New Year and an absence of burglars from their houses until at least the second of January.

WE wouldn't remember, without looking it up, just how long ago it was that we sat in Carnegie Hall on that loud, implausible evening when George Antheil's Ballet was produced, to revolutionize the world of music. Antheil had mechanized an orchestra, given it new secret weapons, including some sheet metal, and he struck boldly and with terrific effect. For a brief moment his armored legions made a mighty

and wonderful noise, and did indeed seem about to revolutionize music. We are reminded of it now by the Nazi military explosion of the last two years, to revolutionize human society and create a new order. The Antheil concert jarred us out of our seats, but after the jar was over the world of music was still there

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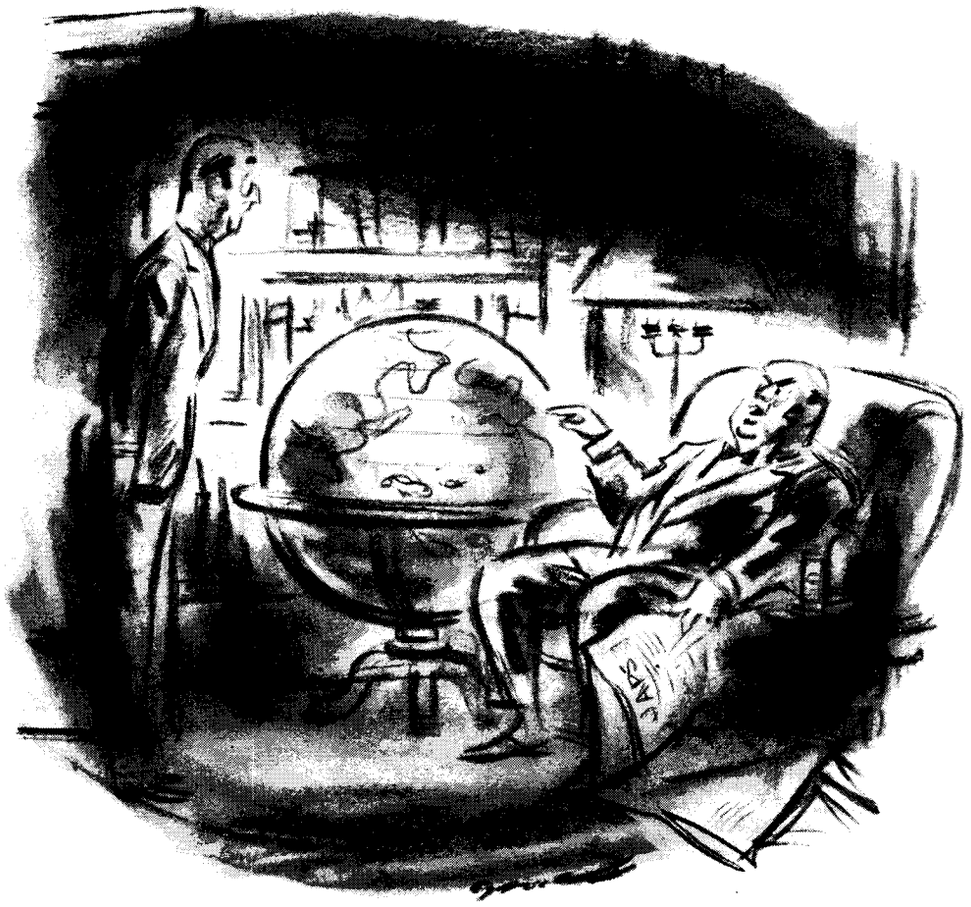

"Take that damned thing out of here. It makes me nervous."

• •

in its more disciplined and harmonious form. It is a thought we choose to find reassuring for 1942.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The ladies of the American Women's Voluntary Services, in their incendiary-bomb drills, make use of sand in bags stencilled "Return to Federal Reserve Bank." The most de-luxe sandbags in the country, they figure.

Three days after the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor, the Senate Committee on Territories and Insular Affairs reported favorably a bill to permit fifteen-round championship boxing contests in the Territory of Hawaii.

The sign on the pen housing the Japanese deer in the Central Park Zoo has been changed to "Asiatic Deer."

Reassurance

A LADY who lives, very graciously indeed, in a six-story house in the East Seventies was dressing for dinner the other night when a caller was announced. She sent down word that she was dressing, but the caller sent word that he was the air-raid warden on urgent business. She threw on a little filmy something and went downstairs, where she found a stern young man waiting for her. "I've come to see what you plan to do about your house," he said. The lady said she thought that, from his point of view, it was a well-equipped house—had collapsible pails, sand, long-handled shovels, flashlights, a stirrup pump, and nice thick curtains. The warden shook his head with scorn. "This house is all wrong," he told her. "It will go to pieces in a flash." Finally aroused less by danger than by the consciousness that she should be getting along to dinner, the lady asked, "Well, did you come here with any particular suggestions in mind?" "Oh, no," he said. "I'm just going around bolstering civilian morale in my district."

Roosevelt Voices

DURING the last few rousing weeks the words of President Roosevelt have reverberated around the world as have the words of no other man in all history. Over several twenty-four-hour periods it hasn't been a matter of the President's being on the air again but of his still being on. His broadcast at 5 P.M., Christmas Eve, was still being sent out by short wave nineteen hours later from the headquarters of the International Division of the National Broadcasting Company on the second floor of the R.C.A. Building. The actual voice, of course, was not the President's, but it is the policy of N.B.C. always to use the same group of foreign-language broadcasters for the rebroadcasts of a Presidential speech, and the voice the people of much of the world heard was the voice they had always previously heard delivering a Roosevelt speech, and one which they associated with the name Roosevelt.

We have had a talk with the possessors of a couple of these *alter* voices, Mr. Buck Canel (Spanish) and Mr. Arthur Deter (Portuguese). Mr. Canel, a tall gentleman with a sparse black mustache, formerly worked for the Associated Press and Havas in several Latin-American countries, and his first job for N.B.C. was describing prizefights in Spanish. He has since graduated to editorial work and the only broadcasting he does is as Señor Roosevelt. Mr. Deter, a Texan with a great amount of black hair, who learned Portuguese in Brazil, where his father was a missionary, is a news announcer. The three of us sat down and talked over the responsibility of playing the President. "I try to be sort of measured," Mr. Deter told us, "and as dignified as I know how." We asked him if he used Roosevelt gestures. "Well," he said, "you can't speak Portuguese without gestures," and added that when he is news-announcing he sits down but when he is Roosevelt he stands up. Mr. Canel said that he sat down but he thought he pounded the table a lot. Both men do the translations as well as the broadcasts and they agreed that Mr. Roosevelt's English is easily adaptable, being full of Latin-root words which have much in common with Spanish. "Not like Mr. Hull's," said Canel. The toughest thing is to get a translation for phrases like "sold down the river." They have to use some such word as "betrayed" in a case like that, but their object is to get something vivid if they can. Mr. Deter always tries to hear the President. "We do our translations from the advance script, and it doesn't give you the pauses and the emphasis," he said. "I always try to get in

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the ad libs, too. The President does a lot of ad-libbing."

N.B.C. is now sending out short-wave broadcasts twenty-four hours a day and has added three bilingual speakers; Mr. Roosevelt's speeches and many other things go out in Spanish, Portuguese, French, Swedish, Finnish, Turkish, Italian, and German. Most of the speakers are former journalists who have worked abroad. They are all men except for Miss Nathalia Danesi, who is the voice of F. D. R. for such Italians as get a chance to listen to her. Before she became an American citizen, she was an actress and a writer of children's books in Italy; once she appeared for the Guild Theatre here. The Columbia Broadcasting System has approximately the same repertory as N.B.C. but includes Polish and Serbo-Croatian. Russian seems to be left alone by everybody, which means that Roosevelt's public speaking gets about the same coverage over there as Stalin's does in this country.

Sh-h-h

ALL the government offices in Washington are, of course, trying to contribute as much wastepaper as possible to the war effort. However, there's one obvious difficulty; namely, that the wastepaper will fall into the hands of spies. One bureau we've heard of has successfully coördinated its anti-spy and trash-collecting activities. Every day a functionary with a burlap bag makes the rounds of the desks, inquiring softly, "Any secret trash for the confidential junkman?"

Surrealistic Jeweller

SLOGANS slay us, and when a Village acquaintance showed us a little advertising placard from the Studio of Sam Kramer on Eighth Street, headed "Fantastic Jewelry for People Who are Slightly Mad," we decided, without reading much further, to call on Mr. Kramer, whom we found sitting in his shop behind a window on which was painted a red mushroom. We took him to be in his late twenties. He was wearing a bushy jet-black beard and droopy Hapsburg mustaches, and told us that he had adopted the mushroom as a trademark because it has a plastic form. He also said that he was planning a ring festival for the near future, which would be an exhibit of several hundred rings he has been making in his workshop. He showed us his own ring, a heavy silver affair with a mushroom in low relief, and stated candidly that his slogan is a psychological trick, successful because people are put into a buying mood by the suggestion that they are not quite sane. Mr. Kramer told us that perfectly humdrum types come into his place, wave one of his leaflets, say gleefully "I'm slightly crazy," and buy heavily. "They like to think I'm crazy, too," he said, seeming to us to sum up the position of the artist in America today. He showed us a card he distributes, which reads in part, "We have things to titillate the damnedest ego—utter weirdities conceived in moments of semi-madness."

We asked Mr. Kramer whether he cared to expatiate on another statement in his promotion literature, one reading, "Some of the things have a morbid feeling; tortured and massive, they almost cry out with hysteria," and he allowed us to inspect a massive, tortured ring in the form of a gas mask; a coral pendant intended to suggest an embryo; a germ-like wavy brooch inspired by a spirochete; a squidlike ring; and another ring, which he said, correctly, had a kind of intestinal feeling. He expressed regret at not being able to show us his glass-eye ring, consisting of a glass eye mounted in silver; this had been recently snapped up by a man from Michigan. A third of Mr. Kramer's items are done to order. He has incorporated a number of molars in pieces of custom-made jewelry, and only the other day embodied a piece of meteorite in a brooch on behalf of a customer who claimed to have detached it from an exhibit in the Museum of Natural History.

Mr. Kramer was born in Pittsburgh and graduated in 1935 from the University of Southern California, to which he was attracted by the climate. He developed an interest in jewelry in an art course there and subsequently took up his life's work in a jewelry shop in Pittsburgh. He found that city backward, culturally, and abandoned it for Manhattan four years ago, settling on West

"Is Portugal still friendly?"

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Third Street in a couple of rooms, where he lived and made jewelry. "I was unmarried then and led a very disorganized life," he told us. "Customers would wake me at three in the afternoon by shaking me in bed . . . Carol!" A tall, dark, curvilinear girl burst through some curtains at the rear of the shop, and Mr. Kramer introduced her as his wife and the person who had brought order into his life.

Mrs. Kramer told us that her husband makes jewelry until three or four nearly every morning but she sees to it he is up by ten. The Kramers live in a room back of the shop, but eat out. Mrs. Kramer assists her husband in his store, and a few weeks ago sold a ring containing two cerebral bones of a perch to a man she thinks was Sinclair Lewis. "He *looked* like Lewis, anyway," she said. Kramer believes that one of the most interesting objects he ever made was a weirdly convoluted silver-and-onyx ring which he sold to a man in Pittsburgh. The buyer, an unscrupulous fellow, took the ring to the Carnegie Museum people and asked them to identify it. "It's Babylonian," they reported, "several thousand years old." It was shortly after this that Mr. Kramer left Pittsburgh.

Current Events

WE'VE heard from a Maine lawyer who has a monthly personal transaction with a neighboring farmer, a milk bill or some such. Anyway, he stopped by the farm last week and, in the course of a chat with the farmer, remarked, "Well, lots of things have happened since the last time I saw you, Walter." "Yep," Walter said. "Sure have. Been some snow, and the lake's 'most froze over solid."

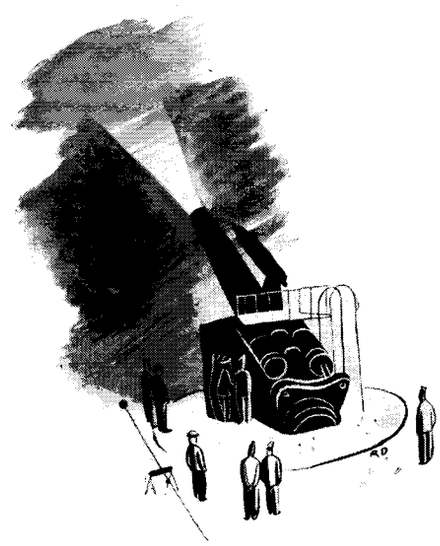
Finishing Touches

BY now everybody knows what he should do during a blackout or air raid, or at least what the best minds and the newspapers think he should do. Delving further into the subject of how to be happy though bombproof, we have interviewed a lady familiar with the dodges practiced by London householders. For instance, a couple of sleeping bags are part of every household that does any entertaining. This is simpler than setting up a bombproof guest room. Our informant says that only extra-scrupulous hosts yield their beds to their guests and take to the sleeping bags; usually the guests curl up on the floor at your bedside. In a well-run London house, a flashlight is hung just inside the front doorway, so the lights don't have to be turned on at all, and there's a good supply of carrots, raw or cooked, in the icebox. Carrots, according to the British Ministry of Food, increase one's ability to see in the dark. A London householder also cherishes his library and won't throw away old detective stories. They're an invaluable sedative for the long bombproof evenings, and the war has heavily cut down the publication of books.

We're not likely to have sustained blackouts over here, but if we do a supply of luminous paint will come in handy. Some Londoners put it on walking sticks, overcoat buttons, badges, and the like, so that they'll be dimly visible outdoors. Also, a lighted cigarette or cigar is a useful accessory for a walk in a blackout, but you must light up before you go out. There is an obvious use for rubber or absorbent-cotton ear plugs. A white raincoat is the ideal evening wrap. It is the experience of the English that gas mains are likely to be broken quicker in a bombing than the electric conduits; a little electric grill is therefore a good piece of emergency household equipment. And the final word from the Voice of Experience is a warning to be sure to have a small bottle of liquor on your person if you're going out of an evening and your taste runs in that direction; bar service is unreliable during a raid.

Patriotism

WAR was brought home to one housewife here through an argument with the management of her apartment house over an icebox. When she took possession last October 1st, she expected a new refrigerator to be installed; it was in her lease, for one thing. Days, weeks, and finally months passed; no icebox. Whenever the lady called the management, she was put off with soft words and promises—that is, until Japan opened up. The first time she called after that, she found that the policy of appeasement had been abandoned. "It's un-American to ask for a new refrigerator at a moment like this," they told her.



Marble's Mission

ALICE MARBLE, Assistant Director of National Defense in Charge of Physical Fitness for Women, recently left on a tour of the West to promote mass-exercise groups, the idea of her organization being to toughen up American women so that they can handle such men's jobs as driving trucks, delivering mail, and working on munitions. We had a talk with her at her office just before she set out, and if she is right, the women of America sit too much. "It's very serious," she told us. "Women sit in offices, on subways, in cars, at home, and at the movies. The machine has made them sluggish." Miss Marble, who was sitting at her desk, said that she herself had been sitting too much since Mayor LaGuardia appointed her to her job a couple of months ago; she has been trying to counteract the evil effects of this, however, by playing tennis most weekday afternoons at the Courthouse Club. Her favorite opponent has been Jack McDermott, an agile stockbroker who gives her a good game. Weekends she has frequently played at the Arthur Loews' in Glen Cove. Loew is vice-president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and Miss Marble has told him a dozen times that double features are a terrible health menace, what with all the sitting they involve. Loew agrees, but says they're what the public wants.

The Assistant Director, trim in a green knitted dress, was angrily discussing Elsa Maxwell with Mrs. Kenneth Ives, Jr., a regional director in the physical-training-for-women setup, when we arrived at her office. Miss Maxwell, it seems, had come out in the *Journal* against exercise. "She's a fool!" cried Miss Marble, waving a clipping of Miss Maxwell's column. "Well, you can sing better than she can, anyhow," said Mrs. Ives soothingly. Miss Marble, whose conversational voice is throaty, advised us that she has indefinitely abandoned night-club singing and that her evenings

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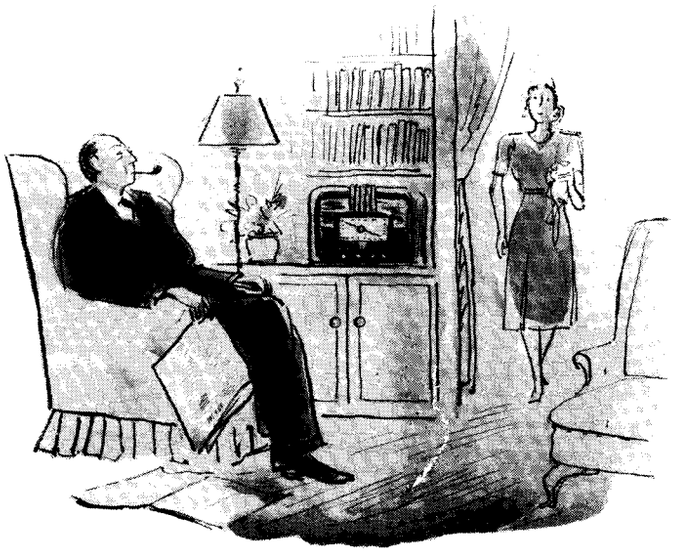
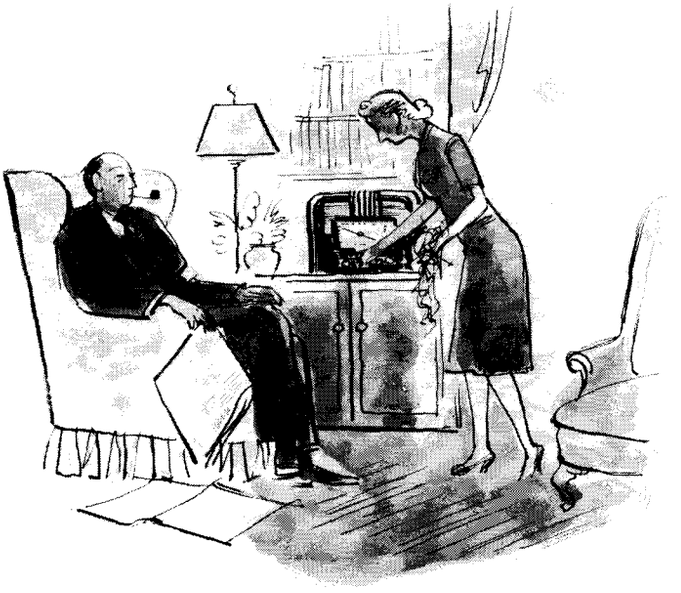
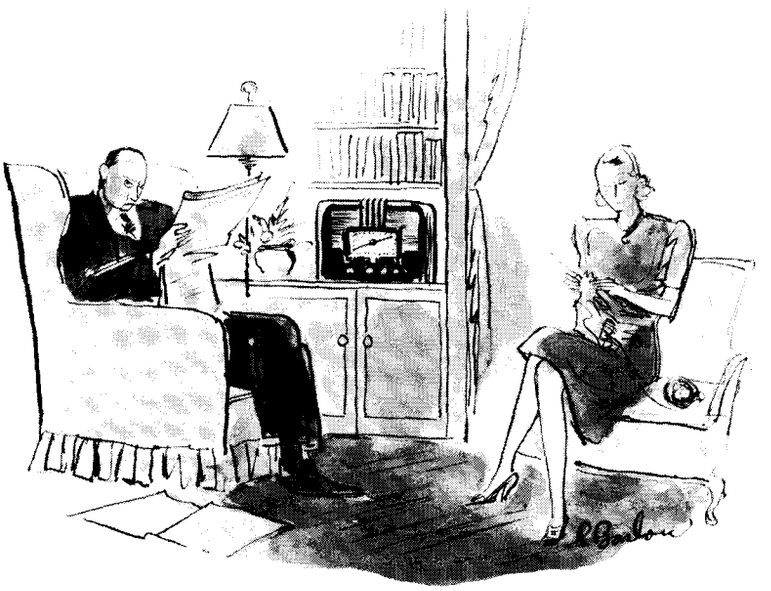


". . . and so, while present reports would seem to indicate a Nazi debacle on the Russian front, it is possible that Hitler



may be planning one final, all-out . . ." "Yesterday, you will remember, we left



Martin in the hospital facing blindness. Janie, broken-hearted, is thinking of going back to her old job. Meanwhile Grandma is secretly thinking of selling the house to pay for an operation. But listen . . ."

have been mostly occupied with lecturing to women's clubs on health, or with an extension of her daytime deskwork, which includes preparing radio talks, furthering a national program of women's outdoor activities, and disseminating, through volunteer speakers, the best information obtainable on the subject of sleep, food, exercise, and mental health. "Right now we've been working up material on famous men and women who needed eight hours' sleep a night to do their job," she said. "My social life has gone to the devil." Miss Marble says that her work, despite the sitting it involves, has been beneficial, since she has tried to do all the things she prescribes for the women of the country. "I'm even drinking milk now," she said, adding that, in addition to playing tennis, she has been skipping a lot of rope. "Rope-skipping," she observed, looking at us narrowly, "is only for people in good condition, or it's likely to kill you."

Miss Marble's tour will end sometime in January and she then will move her office to Washington. She has been spending two days a week there since her appointment, spreading the health gospel through the heads of dance groups and conferring with Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Morgenthau, among others. Miss Marble entertains a particularly high regard for Mrs. Roosevelt, based largely on a talk she had with the First Lady a few weeks ago. This began with a query on Miss Marble's part as to how much exercise Mrs. Roosevelt got. "Very little," said Mrs. R. "I walk from the White House to my office, about a mile. Then, when I get home at night, I go for a twenty-minute swim. Friday night, I go to Hyde Park and spend two days working in my garden. This is fair exercise, because I'm so tall I have to stoop a long way." "That's quite—" began Miss Marble, but Mrs. Roosevelt continued, "Weekends I also get up early and go for a ride, but still I don't get anywhere near enough exercise." All in all, Miss Marble told us, Mrs. Roosevelt has a better grip on things than Miss Maxwell.

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Supper

THE most gruesome Christmas story we have heard is about a colored maid who, dissatisfied with her employers' gift of a simple cotton house coat, exacted her revenge by cutting it into small bits and stuffing it into the Christmas turkey. She is now at liberty.

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SOME OF THE NICEST GUYS YOU EVER SAW

EXCEPT for the bartender, Mr. Compton and the man in the green overcoat were alone in the bar.

"Then there was Bill Thaw," Mr. Compton was saying. "He was Harry's brother."

"I didn't know he *had* a brother," said the man in the green overcoat. "I thought just Evelyn Nesbit and all those rabbits."

"No, Bill was his brother," said Mr. Compton, "but he was O.K. He was an ace in the last war. In the Lafayette Escadrille. Say, that was quite an outfit."

"I guess it was," said the other man. "I wouldn't know. I was only about six. How about another whatever you're having there."

"Thanks," said Mr. Compton. "Black Label and soda. No ice."

The other man ordered the drinks. He had thin, reddish hair and a neutral face. There was a quality of detachment or suspended judgment about him that Mr. Compton found almost as discouraging as his overcoat. It was also clear that he wasn't much of a conversationalist.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Compton after a pause. "Those were certainly the days."

"Days?"

"The last war," said Mr. Compton.

"Oh," said the man in the green overcoat. "You in it?"

"I didn't actually get over," said Mr. Compton. "I was in what they called a students' training corps. We were in a camp in Pennsylvania, near Philly. We were still there when they signed the armistice."

"Tough."

"Oh, it wasn't so bad," said Mr. Compton. "Some of the nicest guys you ever saw. Yale, Harvard, Princeton—all over the East."

The best memories of Mr. Compton's life came back to him, as they often did now in this other war. The unbroken line, the strict perfection of the companies passing in review; the good feeling of order and discipline, perpetuating themselves; the kind of guys you could trust with authority because, in a way, they'd been brought up to it. It hadn't worked out—maybe there were too damn many people in the world—but at the time it had seemed clear and simple. And somehow permanent.

"We used to go down to Philly on leave," he said. "It was always the Bellevue-Stratford in those days. Well, we had some kind of special uniforms—long pants, a jacket like those old four-button Brooks jobs, officers' caps, all that stuff. When you put on a Sam Browne belt—you weren't supposed to, of course, but most of us did—nobody knew what the hell you were. Some kind of foreign officers or the Royal Flying Corps or something, I guess. Anyway, nobody could figure it out, not even the Regular Army. Even the officers would salute us and of course we'd salute back. We made up a kind of foreign salute, just to make it harder."

"It sounds wonderful," said the man in the green overcoat.

"Sure. If they didn't salute, most of us would naturally just let it go, but I remember one guy—Eddie Montgomery was his name—who'd call them every time. The privates and noncoms, that is. 'God damn it, don't you men know enough to salute an officer?' he'd say. He'd even pretend to take their names. Used to scare the bejesus out of them."

"Yeah?" said the man in the green overcoat. "What became of him?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Compton. "I lost track of him after the war. I've lost track of most of them. I've often wondered, because they're the kind of guys we ought to have right now. I don't mean the kidding part, naturally, but officers that look like officers, so the men have some respect for them. You don't just get officers out of some damn poolroom. There's a type. There's a—a *tradition* involved."

"I guess there is," said the man in the green overcoat. There was no particular expression in his voice.

Mr. Compton finished his drink and buttoned up his overcoat. "Well," he said, "I've got to shove off. Thanks for the drink. Night. Night, Al."

The other man nodded and watched him go out the door. At last he turned back to the bartender. "There's a fine son of a bitch for you," he said.

"Yeah," said the bartender indifferently. "You get 'em."

MR. COMPTON, out on the street, was unconscious of having left any criticism behind him. The clear sky pricked with a million stars reminded him of the Germans. It was just the night for them. He looked up at the thin, silver spire of the Chrysler Building towering on his left, a block or so ahead. That would probably be the way the bastards would come, if they did—over from Long Island, flying high and fast, in strict and orderly formation.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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"So I suddenly said to myself, 'Why don't I go ahead and ask <u>everybody</u> I know in for eggnog?' "

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THEIR NAME IS MACARONI

THE Italians had been a long time in this part of France, some of them since two or three generations, come over in search of work or in political protest, but the quality of their speech had not altered much, and their eyes remained more credulous than Frenchmen's eyes. They were strong men, used to the sun, and they worked in the quarries of the new road that would cut across the cliff tops through the unbroken stretches of dry, meridional maquis, or else they worked in the shipyards. The town they went home to at night was small, and either by land or water it was a short way from it into Italy. But none of the Italians who had left there had been back or ever seemed to want to go back, except a wife or two who had gone over once or twice or three times for a funeral or a wedding or to settle a piece of business, wearing no hat, in the third-class carriage of the train, and carrying her salami and bread wrapped in paper in a basket, and staying only the necessary number of days. But even these women returned as shyly and hesitantly as deer to their own country, for in all their hearts was the same baffled, speechless tremor for what had happened or what was happening on the other side.

The Italian women had always found work in the villas and hotels of the town; they worked for the English and for the Americans and for the other foreigners who stayed a winter or a summer, as well as for the French, whose soil it was, until in 1939 and 1940 the visitors went home and the look of everything changed. Everything changed, that is, except one thing: what the French think of the Germans has never ceased to alter, but what they think of the Italians will always be the same. Their name is macaroni and their blood is water, and in any kind of area or weather, and armed or unarmed, they can outstrip Nurmi when in retreat. But suddenly, in June, 1940, the Italian nation was given a new rôle to play, and it dressed up elegantly for it, even though it was nothing better than the buffoon's part in this uproarious burlesque of victory.

Every week after the armistice was signed the Italian officers of the commission drove up the coast and into the towns in their steel-gray cars, and there were the signs of the times chalked up on the walls and the sides of the houses to greet them. Not "Duce, Duce, Duce," as it was at home, but "*Les Macaronis sont tous foutus*," or perhaps something about where the Italian armies might then be taking their defeat. At times the things would be written out, in letters tall as a man, on the boulders which the earth's primordial boiling or cooling had cast out upon the coast's maquis. There, where these other self-exiled Italians broke stone for the new road, the commission in its triumphal cars would rock slowly past, reading and pretending not to read the single words "Tobruk" or "Mogadiscio" or "Taranto" chalked up in silent derision in the wilderness.

No one in the town could say who wrote the words out. Angostini was foreman at the shipyards, and when the words began appearing there, painted pure white across the ribs of a ship's scaffolding, and the mayor called him in and questioned him, he spread his hands and could not say. He was a small, slight man, thirty or thirty-five, and quick-eyed as a monkey, with a monkey's shrewd wrinkles arched on his brow. He had been all his life in the region, and perhaps because he believed—as perhaps all of them believed—that the miracle of revolt would one day come in Italy and he would be Italian still to share in its glory when it came, or perhaps because he thought of himself as a part forever of this other nation, he had never done the things there were to do about French citizenship papers. He was merely an Italian in a Frenchman's country, but he didn't know it any more. When he left the yard at night, he'd stop to pass the time of day with the others sitting on the quay: with the doctor, or the hotelkeeper, or the fisherman drinking *pinard* and their feet still wet with brine. He'd speak of the French, and he'd call them "we;" he'd say "We Frenchmen," and no one ever saw anything peculiar in it, not even the English colonel, who would sit on the quay with him in the setting sun and have a glass of wine.

"There was something written up on the front of the *mairie* this morning," Colonel Pinhay might say, with his voice unshaken yet by age. "I could see it at half a kilometre's distance as I came down the road." He had stood there with the others on the Place des Sardines, his hair under the pith helmet and his mustaches white and clipped short as if for military precision still, and his market bag hanging in his hand; and he had watched the mayor himself, because nobody else would do it, come out with a bowl of water and a little rag on the balcony, where the flag didn't hang any more, and wash the words away. "It was printed up right underneath the *liberté*, *égalité*, and *fraternité*," the Colonel said. The bloodhound folds of his throat hung slackly in his collar's breach, and the bloodshot eyes held in them the singularly undimmed vision of twenty years of Karachi. "It said 'Sidi Barrani,' " the Colonel said, and Angostini swore aloud with pleasure, and the two of them went through the ceremony of touching glasses and drinking to victory's still untarnished name.

This was the sort of underground literature that was printed in public all that winter and spring, and everybody read it. All of them needed fuel for their fires and food to keep their children alive, and, bigger and finer, month after month, the Italian commissions kept coming through. They requisitioned this, and they requisitioned that, and they sent everything they liked the look of back across the frontier to where they'd come from. Because of them, strawberries were eighty francs the kilo on the coast that spring, and asparagus had acquired the fabulous quality of orchids, although they didn't wrap their stems in silver foil. And still the Italian commissions came; they were there when an American food ship docked in the harbor of the city that lay thirty kilometres away. It was perhaps the second or third ship to arrive, and the French flag and the American flag were hanging together like lovely sisters from every window on the waterfront when the officers of the commission walked up the gangplank and told the Americans what percentage of the milk and vitamins and flour they would like to have.

COLONEL PINHAY was there on deck when the Italian officers began playing this part they'd been understudying all their lives for. He was the last of the English left, and he had been called to serve on the American committee of distribution. All of the other visitors had left the place, but he had never talked of leaving. He said there

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was a name for the people who left France now, and it was the same one you used for a man who left a woman once her money was gone, and the folds of his throat trembled in outrage as he said it.

"When they came on board we were all being photographed for the newspapers," the Colonel said. He told the story to the mayor, and to the doctor, and to the hotelkeeper, and that night, sitting in the Marine Bar with the semaphore's pure ray flashing twice, and then once, and then twice again across the sea outside, he told it to Angostini. "They came on behind us, so we didn't see them at once," he said.

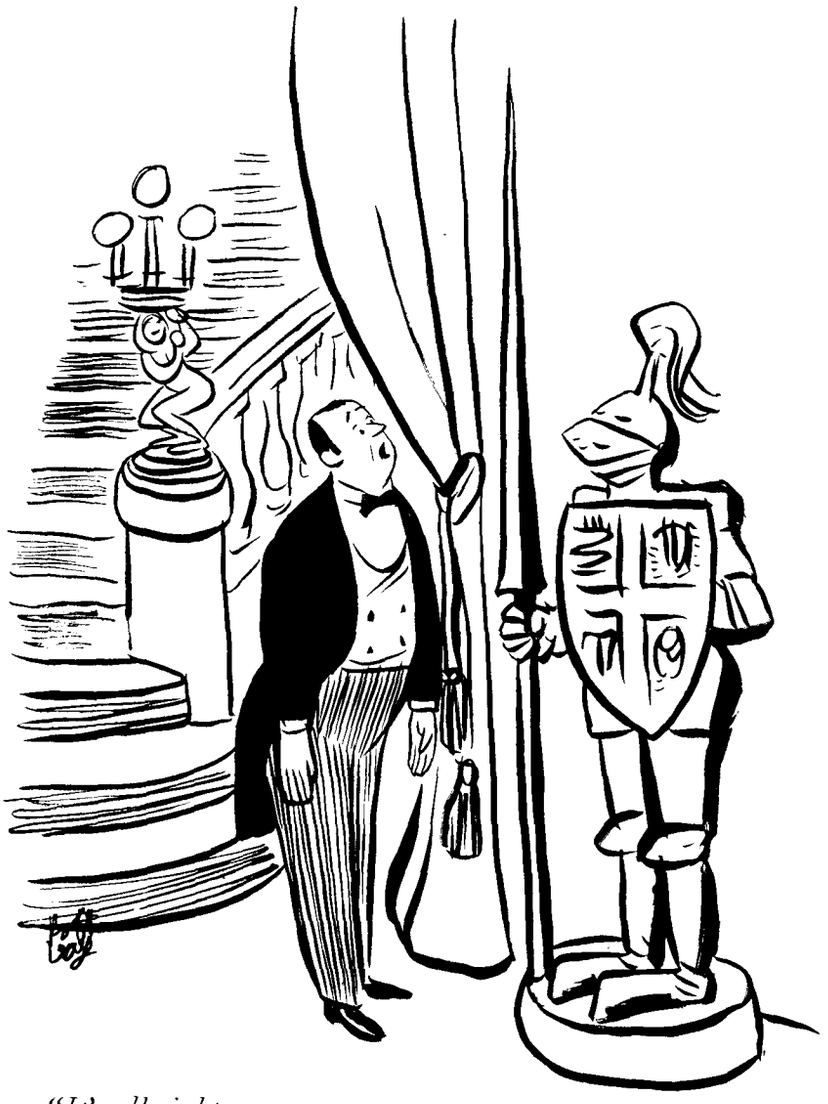
"*Sacré merda,* I hate them!" said Angostini rapidly and bitterly.

The Colonel said their faces were the wrong color; they were slightly green as they stood on deck in their uniforms and told the Americans how much of the cargo they considered their due.

"I thought perhaps one of the cameras might have got an Italian kepi or an epaulette in a picture by mistake, so I smashed the lot of plates," said the Colonel. "If anything like that got into the public prints, there wouldn't have been any explaining it away. So I did for the lot of them while the ship captain ordered the officers off—and they went," he said. "The captain told them he'd pull up anchor and go straight back where he'd come from if they laid a finger on anything on board, and they went," said the Colonel. "I can't say I liked the color of their faces, but they didn't hang around."

"I wish to God I'd seen them," said Angostini. "I wish I'd seen them run."

Colonel Pinhay told the story a good many times about the Italian officers coming on board the American boat and what the ship captain had said to them. Sometimes the captain had said that if they didn't get off at once he'd throw them off, and sometimes he'd said that he'd turn the machine guns on them, but however it was, the Colonel had given them a piece of his mind as they went down the gangplank to the shore. Either he told them that every tin of milk and every bag of flour was going to feed French babies under two, or else he had said that gentlemen had let this boat through the blockade and as long as there was anything like honor left only gentlemen would see to the distribution of what they had on board. So when the other thing came up, some of the people in the town couldn't make the second part fit the first. It happened the day the American food was to be handed out at the *mairie,* and they couldn't understand why he did it. Colonel Pinhay handed in his resignation; he said he wouldn't serve on the committee of distribution any more.



"It's all right now, Mr. Ballard. The all-clear just sounded."

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He sat having a glass of wine with Angostini just after the twelve-o'clock whistle had blown, and Angostini was telling him the one about the Duce telephoning to Hitler or Hitler telephoning to the Duce, or the one about the two Italian officers insisting on being served first in a restaurant in Nice because they were the conquerors, and the maître d'hôtel saying, "Oh, excuse me, Messieurs! I didn't recognize the Greek uniform," when the mayor stopped at the table and leaned down and fumbled the red ribbon in his buttonhole and didn't look once at Angostini. He said to Colonel Pinhay, "So you won't be on the committee this afternoon?," and the Colonel said he wouldn't. His two old hands were folded on his cane and he looked straight out across the sea. "Because of the regulations?" the mayor said in a low, conciliatory voice, and the Colonel answered sharply, "Yes, because of the regulations."

"Because there's to be no food from the American ship given to the children of the Italian population?" the mayor said, and the Colonel's grieving, bloodshot eyes came back from sea.

"Because that means three-quarters of the children in this town!" he said, and the cane danced savagely under his hands.

"They're Italians," said the mayor, and he looked uneasily around. "The regulations specify only the French, and legally they're Italians."

"Only on paper!" shouted the Colonel. "Not on stone!"

He flung his cane aside, and with one hand he pointed to the harbor before them, and the mayor straightened up and turned around to see. There on the

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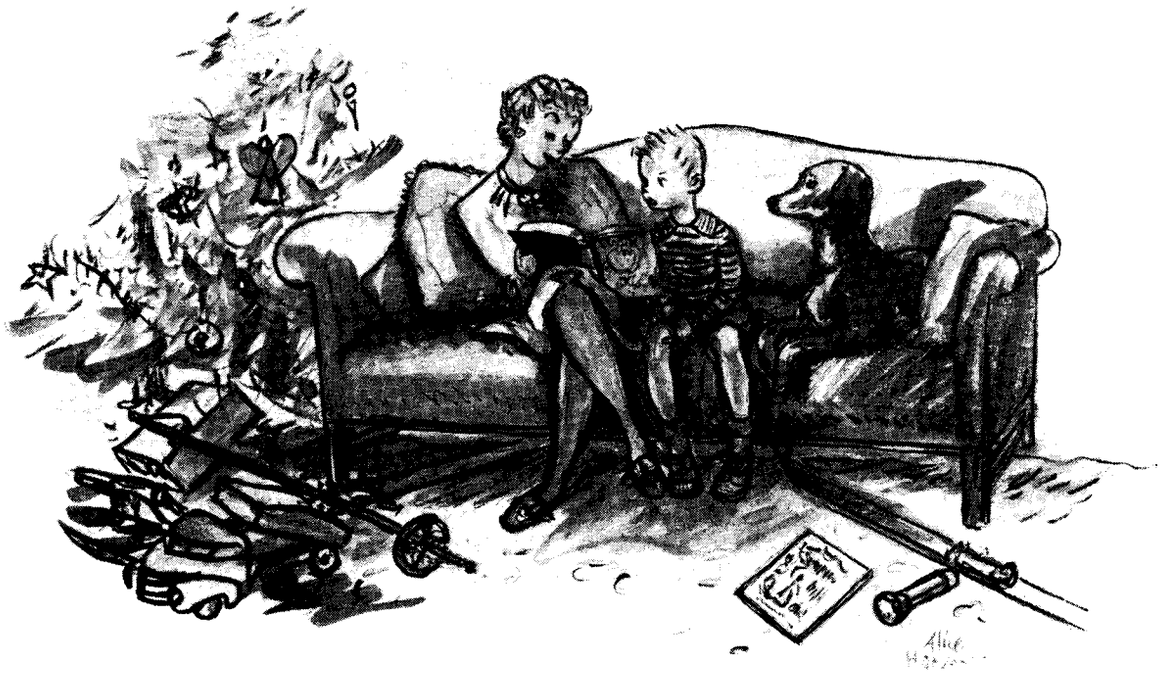

"'. . . and the fairies brought a baby,' but of course you and Mother know better, don't we, darling?"

• •

semaphore wall, where the shipyard men had just walked past, were the words freshly written up in chalk. They said "*A bas les Macaronis!*" and they were large enough for even an airplane to read them as it passed.

After the mayor had put his hat on and gone off along the quay and crossed the Place des Sardines, the Colonel did not speak. It was Angostini who spoke first and who reached across the table with his dark, monkey-nervous hand. He said "*Merci*" to the Colonel, saying it not very loud, and saying it as if this one word in just this language were the only word that was there to be said. As he said it, he laid his hand over the Colonel's hand as gently and as romantically as if it had been a young girl's that lay there on the marble in the sun. After a little while he began telling the story about how he'd given the macaronis a run for their money that morning, and the Colonel ordered them both another glass of wine.

"The commission came out to go over the shipyards," Angostini said. "They were all of them young this time, and this was their first trip over on our side. They had gold braid on, and their boots were shining like glass, and they were scared to death of stepping out of the rôle that fate had cast them in." He made a grimace at the Colonel. "It was raining hard then, and when I'd shown them over the first ships I told them that to see the rest of what we were doing for them they'd have to walk up the hill and come down on the bigger yards on the other side. They asked me if they couldn't drive there, and I looked at them in great surprise, and I told them of course there wasn't any road. I spoke Italian to them, but I didn't give the salute," said Angostini. "I said the other officers were familiar with the way the whole thing was laid out, but of course, this being their first time over—" He shrugged his shoulders. "So I led them right up the Crêt de Poisson," he went on saying, and Colonel Pinhay opened his mouth and roared aloud. "The mud was up to their knees," said Angostini, "and their breeches had never seen anything like it before. The way their boots looked must have made them sick at heart, but I didn't stop for a second. I took them down the Escalier de Boue, and one of them slipped on his spurs at the top of it and slid three steps on the seat of his pants."

The Colonel roared, and slapped the café table with his hand.

"In half an hour I brought them down just twenty yards from where we'd started off," said Angostini, "and one of these little officers, he looked around and he said, 'It seems to me this is just where we came from.' 'That's what everyone thinks the first time they go over the yards,' I said. He was trying to get the rain wiped off his sword and his gilt before it started to tarnish, and I said, 'You've come a long way, but it wouldn't have done to have missed it. Here are the three biggest boats we're turning out for you.' I didn't tell him there wasn't a man in the yards who wouldn't have set them on fire before they'd have seen them put into Italian hands."

It wasn't until the next morning that the Colonel knew the committee had reconsidered, and that they had given the tinned milk and the flour to every mother who came up with her baby in her arms. They gave it to the French, and they gave it to the babies called Ferrari, and Perelli, and Palavacini, and Angostini, but whether or not it was because the Colonel had resigned, neither the mayor nor the committee ever told him. He only knew it by what he found outside his door. He had opened it in the morning, and there was the driftwood, the endless, pointed, dry, bleached arms of it in a time when driftwood couldn't be had for money; and there were the packets of charcoal, enough for six months' cooking, it seemed, piled neatly along the wall. The Colonel had carried it into the house all that morning and stacked it, log after sea-bleached log and bundle after bundle, by the cooking stove, and no one in the town ever spoke of how it happened to be there.

BUT before this, quite a long time before this, something else happened; just before the French asked for the armistice something happened in this town which ought to be set down. Perhaps the whole story should begin with the two Italian bombers coming up the coast that lovely morning in June, and the air-raid warning sounding in the city thirty kilometres away, and in the town, and crying out across the water, and the French anti-aircraft guns coming to life and spattering ammunition into the air. It was no more effective than that, just coughing and spitting at death itself, and Colonel Pinhay stood on the quay in the sunlight and watched the Italian bombers make two strikes, one on the old

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fort that stood at the head of the cliff and one on the lighthouse, all but missing it and merely cracking a handful of white stone or plaster away.

After that the bombers might have continued up the coast and the little anti-aircraft guns sputtered into silence again, except, according to any Frenchman, the Italians could always be counted on to do exactly what they did. The first bomber circled too near the cliff's nose beyond the port, and in righting itself, it hooked the second bomber, and the two of them locked and crashed together, and Colonel Pinhay struck the pith helmet on his head a smashing blow and roared aloud with joy. It was the same sort of thing, he said later, that they did when they fired torpedo after torpedo at Taranto from one Italian destroyer into another, sinking their own navy with wild precision and ignominiously.

So the two Italian planes went down, and the bodies of the men were brought ashore, and in a day or two they made a funeral for the pilots. The coffins stood open in the church, with candles lit at the heads and feet, and all the people of the town filed in and looked at the two youths lying there. Their shirts had been washed clean of the oil and the blood, summer shirts made of silk, with elbow sleeves, and the French had dressed them up in them again and crossed their bare arms on their shattered breasts. Each man wore his identity bracelet still, and his wristwatch on the other arm, with the time on it halted forever at the hour he fell. Angostini said there was three minutes' difference in the time the hands marked, either because one watch had been running faster than the other or because one pilot had hit harder and died quicker than the other had.

Angostini stood there a long time looking in bitterness at the two dead pilots in their coffins, at their faces with the one or two marks of violence on them, and at the long, slender legs in the green military trousers, and at the cotton socks the French had put on their feet. One was nineteen and the other one was twenty-one; that is what their identity papers said about them, and they said as well that the younger one came from Naples and that he was a count. The French had combed their hair for them, as well as it could be done, and cleaned their nails for them, and there they lay, the conquerors, in the church's gloom. Their faces looked a little tired, but quite pure, as if nothing had touched them yet, not even death, not even a faith in the thing in which they had taken part.

Colonel Pinhay came in with the other people from the town, and he stood there, seemingly searching the faces of the two young men he had seen die. There was a vain, rather petulant look around the count's mouth that he did not like, but still he stood there, stubbornly searching the features for something he could not seem to find. The lashes lay long and dark on the dead boy's cheeks, and his chin was cleft. His nostrils were white and arched, in distaste, it might have been, for the air they had given him to breathe. After a little the Colonel went past him to where the other lay, and Angostini came just behind him, stepping without reverence over the great, bare slabs of stone. Angostini was standing by the coffin, thinking his own savage thoughts, at the moment when the Colonel seemed to find at least some shadow of that thing he sought, or else some way to endow with figurehead the body of fallen youth, or of perjured youth, or the single word of helpless youth spoken so briefly and sharply to eternity. Angostini stood there while the Colonel took the small silk flag out of the breast pocket of his English tweed and leaned over and laid it in the fingers of the pilot's hand. It was the Italian flag, and "Souvenir of Venice 1920" was printed on the side of its little stick, and the edges of it were fraying out.

"Military honors, and one thing and another," the Colonel said, and he closed his mouth, but he was not apologizing for it. Angostini stood a moment longer looking bitterly down at the flag and at the dead Italian's face before he spoke, and then he said, "Fascist." He said it three times over, spitting the words through his teeth. "Fascist. Alive or dead, that's what he is. Alive or dead, I hate him. Fascist," he said, and whether or not he actually spat into the dead man's face, Colonel Pinhay did not know. He had left him standing there, and moved on up the aisle between the benches. The others approached and looked into and then passed by the open coffin, where the dead man lay unaltered except for this relic of an Italy that Mussolini had not yet come to touch—holding it in something as humble as exoneration. —KAY BOYLE

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Burns of all sorts and electrical shock are liable to occur after unskillfully applied electric or light treatments. Great harm can even be caused by the home use of vibratory massage either by a short-circuit of current or because of bad effects on infectious conditions.

We may expect even more interesting and effective new inventions for the relief of human suffering by the physical forces of nature, harnessed by science and employed by the modern doctor.—*Bloomington (Ill.) Daily Pantograph.*

O.K., we're ready for what comes.

hara-kari heri-keri hari-kiri hara-

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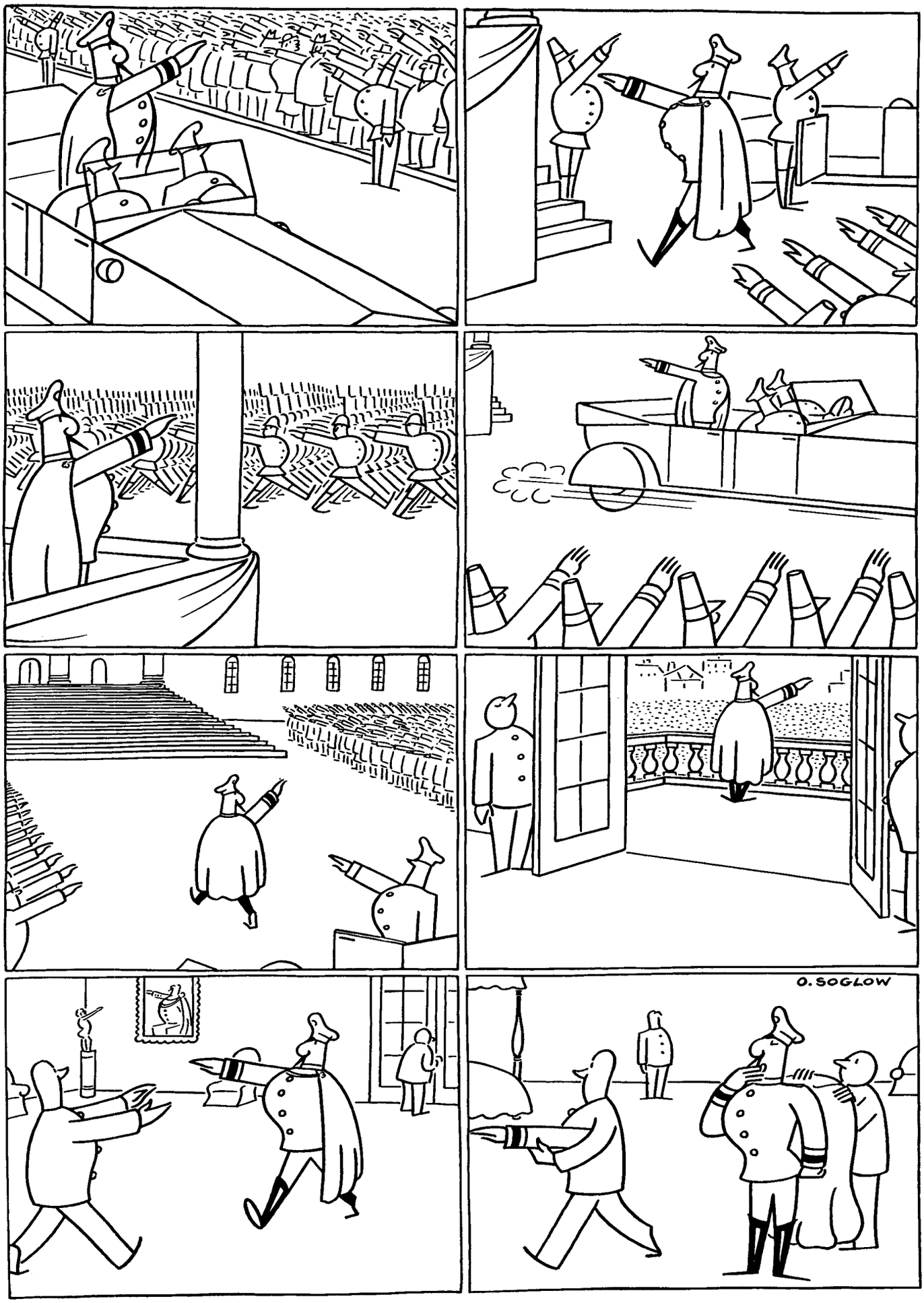

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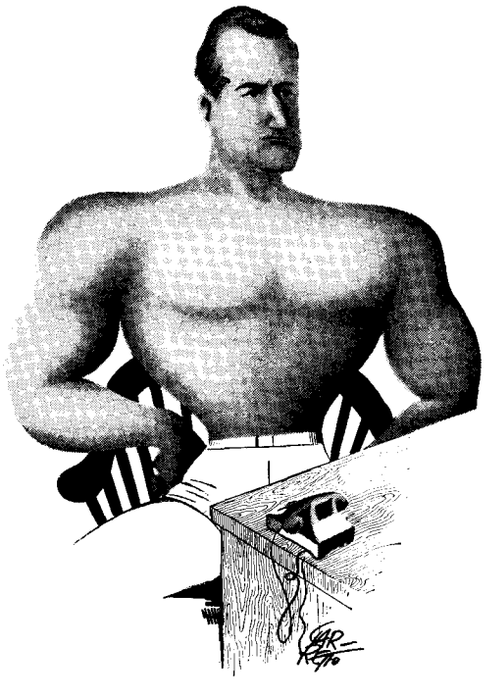
PROFILES

I WAS ONCE A 97-POUND WEAKLING

CHARLES ATLAS, the country's leading muscle-builder, is the only man, living or dead, whose physical measurements thoughtful anthropologists have placed on file for posterity in the New York Public Library and buried in a crypt at Oglethorpe University. Atlas correctly regards this foresight as a logical tribute to a remarkable body. "It's a smart move," he says. "A couple thousand years from now, when they begin wondering what kind of a bird was around here in the twentieth century, they'll go to the library or open up the crypt, and what will they find? Atlas!" If this statement implies that posterity deserves nothing but the best, it is not because Atlas is conceited. Atlas views himself with detachment. Although he is the most literal example there is of the self-made man, he does not act superior in the presence of lesser brawn. Modestly, he merely maintains that he can remake others, by mail order, in his own image. Often, however, persons who do not know Atlas well think him vain. While he was in Europe a few years ago, he was invited to a dinner at the residence of Elsa Schiaparelli, in Paris. Shortly after the guests were seated, Mme. Schiaparelli turned to Atlas and said, "Is it true that you have such a stunning body?" Atlas's reply, though non-vocal, was explicit. He arose, peeled off his dinner jacket and shirt, and stood naked to the waist. Mme. Schiaparelli and the rest of the guests, somewhat shaken, all agreed he had a stunning body. When Atlas makes a gesture of this sort, it is not to show off; it is only to spread his doctrine of joy through exercise.

Atlas's regard for exercise is so high that he keeps the majority of his muscles in constant play. He generally carries a few tenpenny nails in his coat pockets, and as he walks along the streets he breaks them in two between his fingers. Somewhere on his person, too, he usually has a couple of railroad spikes, which he will bend double upon very slight provocation. These activities are intended to keep him from growing stale when he is not working out at a gymnasium or giving some kind of strenuous public demonstration. Atlas cannot afford to let his body sag. The success of his mail-order physical-culture business,



Charles Atlas

Charles Atlas, Ltd., which has its headquarters in New York, depends on advertising, and the Atlas advertisements, which appear mostly in pulp, movie, sports, and picture magazines, are built around a large photograph of the master dressed in a skimpy leopard skin and in a magnificently flexed condition. "Suppose my stomach was hanging out over my loincloth," he says. "You think anybody would care to put their muscles in my hands?" Atlas toils like a laborer to keep himself in form. He makes frequent appearances at athletic clubs, boys' organizations, and Army camps, giving free demonstrations of strength and brief talks on health. As soon as we entered the war, he offered his services to the Office of Civilian Defense, and he expects any day now to be addressing civilian groups on how to keep fit in wartime. "Be moderate," he tells his audiences. "If you got to take a drink, take one or two. Don't get all lubricated up. Exercise. Breathe in. Breathe out. Swing your arms. Reach for the ceiling. Men, take care of your bodies and your bodies will take care of you."

To prove that he had taken adequate care of his own body, and to help publicize a new kind of roller bearing, Atlas recently strapped a harness on his head and pulled a 145,000-pound streamlined railway observation car a hundred feet along a track after six section hands had failed to budge it. Another time, for no particular reason except to settle an argument, he put on the same harness and swam about New York Harbor towing a boatload of friends, calling out points of interest along the way. Atlas finds it impossible to disappoint admirers who ask him to give an exhibition, no matter where. Not long ago he journeyed to Sing Sing and entertained the prisoners by breaking several iron bars with his bare hands. The prisoners were understandably appreciative, and several of them later wrote him offering to subscribe to his course. "I turned them down," Atlas says. "It might have resulted in a major break."

TWENTY years ago, when Atlas became interested in cultivating the public muscle, he was already more than passably scenic and had been proclaimed "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" by *Physical Culture*. Today, at the age of forty-eight, he is, according to many breathless students of muscle, gorgeous. Careful observers of his magazine advertising have noted that the only apparent mutation in his appearance through the years has been a slight graying of his hair at the temples. This state of preservation is no trick of the photographer's art. Atlas in the flesh is a rebuke to photography. His skin is deeply tanned from scalp to soles, and his cheeks are permanently red. Except for the faint streaks of gray, his luxuriant, slightly curly hair is still black. Reading from top to bottom, the Atlas muscles become noticeable just below his chin, and they swell, ripple, bulge, and roll from there to his feet. Unlike some of the other professional strong men, Atlas has been careful not to become unpleasantly overdeveloped. There are no muscular knots or corded veins; the surface of his body has the gently waved appearance of a series of low sand dunes. Perhaps the most accurate critical estimate of Atlas's physique was made by a girl on the staff of the World's Fair, where, in 1939, he was described by a committee of artists as the finest specimen of American manhood extant. This girl walked up to the stand as the judging was going on and gazed for several mo-

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"No, he isn't."

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ments at Atlas, who was clad in his customary leopard skin. "Gawd!" she said finally, and reeled away.

Atlas is not a large man. He is five feet ten inches tall and weighs a hundred and eighty pounds. Those figures, however, constitute the beginning and end of his similarity to the average male. His chest is forty-seven inches around and his biceps are seventeen. Joe Louis's chest is forty-one inches and his biceps measure fourteen. Atlas tapers from his outsize chest down to a thirty-two-inch waist. His thighs are twenty-three and three-quarters inches, his calves sixteen and a quarter, and his forearms fourteen and a half. His neck is only seventeen, and he is often saddened as he muses over its comparative puniness.

ATLAS was born Angelo Siciliano in a small town in southern Italy. Neither his father, who is living in Italy today, nor his mother, who lives with Atlas in Brooklyn, has an exceptional muscular development. The father is a farmer. He is indifferent not only to muscles in general but to the unusual muscles his son has managed to develop. From time to time, he has even expressed mild paternal criticism of his son. "To be perfectly frank," he once wrote his wife, "I think the boy has overdone it." Mr. Siciliano brought his family to America when Angelo was eleven years old. He took a thorough look at the Eastern seaboard, then returned to Italy. "I fail to see the superiority," he said. Mrs. Siciliano could not be persuaded to endure the rigors of another ocean voyage, so she settled down with her son in Brooklyn. They lived with a brother of Mrs. Siciliano's and his wife. Up to the time the family came to this country, Angelo had been a normally husky child, thriving on the spaghetti-and-citrus diet of his homeland, but once in Brooklyn he began to sicken. He almost stopped growing and his mental outlook became murky. No matter how well his mother fed him, he couldn't seem to fatten up. A picture of him in his mid-teens, which he includes in one of his current promotional pamphlets, shows a spindly youth with a wan face and melancholy eyes standing in an attitude of listless dejection. The teachers at his public school began to report that he had lost interest in his studies and would only mumble when called upon to recite. People who lived in the neighborhood remember him as being sensationally feeble. Atlas does not misrepresent the facts when he cries out from his advertisements in the pulp magazines, "I was once a 97-pound weakling!"

Angelo, who in his school days helped support his mother and himself by working a newspaper-delivery route, was sixteen when he received his first intimation of future grandeur. One afternoon a Mr. Davenport, director of a nearby Italian settlement house, persuaded Angelo to accompany him and a group of boys on a tour of the Brooklyn Museum. Angelo went, reluctantly. Once in the museum, the rest of the group scattered to look at things like bows and arrows, mummies, and blowguns, but Angelo, already exhausted by the trip, subsided on a stone bench. Before long he was able to look around with some degree of interest, and his gaze fell upon an object that changed the whole course of his life. Standing at the far end of the room was a gigantic statue of Hercules, looking like one large muscle. The boy was fascinated. He jumped up and made a closer inspection; then he became aware of other huge statues of muscular men. He ran from one to another, forgetting his subnormal physical condition. "I looked up Mr. Davenport," he recalls. "I says to him, 'Where'd they get all these statues? And where'd they get the models? They look fishy to me.' Mr. Davenport answers, 'Why, Angelo, they were all ancient Greeks and Romans, a fine body of men.' Then I says, 'That's O.K., but how about the muscles?' And he says, 'Exercise, Angelo. It all came from exercise.' "

This scene has properly been referred to by physical culturists as one of the great moments in the evolution of American muscle. A week later, Angelo had joined a Y.M.C.A. and started to work in the gymnasium. He began his program of reconstruction with the fervor of the fanatic. At no time did he allow himself to be disturbed by the gibes of the more sinewy boys, some of

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whom would look at his skinny legs and say things like "Siciliano ought to be arrested for having no visible means of support." He kept his peace and continued to toil away. "I had a feeling that better days were ahead," he says. At first he did only mild setting-up exercises. Then, as his body got into better shape, he took up bar bells, elastic stretchers, wall weights, the horizontal bar, the side horse, the medicine ball, the rowing machine, and the rings—everything in the gymnasium. In spite of all this variety of exercise, he did not feel satisfied. "Something was missing," he now says. He found out what that was one morning while strolling through the Bronx Zoo, a few months after the start of his gym work. "Well, sir," he recalls, "I was standing there in front of a lion's cage, and the old gentleman was lying down asleep, and all of a sudden he gets up and he gives a stretch. Well, he stretched himself all over—you know how they do, first one leg and then another—and the muscles ran around like rabbits under a rug. I says to myself, 'Does this old gentleman have any bar bells, any exercisers? No, sir. Then what's he been doing?' And it came over me. I says to myself, '*He's been pitting one muscle against another!*' " Thus was born the Atlas system of muscle culture, later to be named by the master, when he became a master, Dynamic Tension.

AFTER his illuminating encounter with the lion, young Siciliano returned to his exercises with a new spirit. He abandoned the props and started pitting his muscles against one another in all possible combinations. He staged tugs of war between his two hands, seized his head and tried to bend it downward as he stiffened his neck in resistance, and got his arms and legs all tangled up, squeezing, pushing, and heaving. Some of his early efforts to imitate a lion, he recalls, were crude; occasionally he maneuvered himself into an almost inextricable position. As he went along, though, he learned which muscles could be pitted against which without distress or confusion, and he added to his repertory a number of more orthodox, non-pitting exercises, like bending, squatting, and standing on his head.

Gradually the boy's body lost its knobby look. His ribs retreated from view, his elbows, knees, and other bony parts settled into surroundings of firm gristle, and muscles began to make their appearance here and there. After his daily stint at the gymnasium he would go home and inspect himself in a full-length mirror, noting which muscular areas to work on next. He did not limit himself to the gymnasium. Upon arising each morning, he threw a window open and went through half an hour or so of calisthenics and pitting. At school he limbered up whenever he had a chance. Between classes he would engage his arms and legs in brief inter-limb grapples. There was never any very prolonged letup in the battle of Siciliano vs. Siciliano.

By the time Angelo was nineteen, his friends began to realize that an important physical metamorphosis was taking place. They looked on with awe as Angelo's sinews grew larger and larger. One day, after he had spent several months working out at his home, he turned up at the gymnasium again. He stepped out of his street clothes, into a pair of trunks, and onto the gym floor. A dozen or so boys who were busy with the weights, bars, and rings stopped dead. One of them shouted, "Why, I be damned if Angelo doesn't look like that statue called Atlas that's on top of the bank on the corner." It was in this manner that Atlas got the name he bears today, direct from Brooklyn mythology. All of the boys in his neighborhood took to calling him Atlas, but it was not until some years later that he dropped the name of Angelo Siciliano and legally adopted Charles Atlas in its entirety.

Atlas abandoned his formal education after he had finished high school, and, for some reason he no longer remem-

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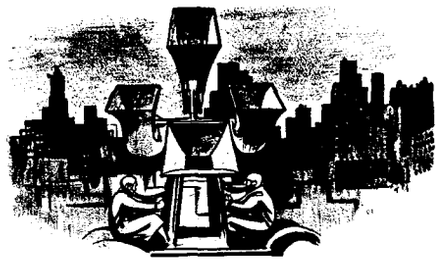
bers, decided to become a leather worker. He could never get excited over punching holes in belts or stitching saddles, so he gave the trade up. He had the feeling, too, that his real career was somehow linked with his muscles. The first tangible indication that this might be so came the summer after he gave up the leather trade, when he got a job as a combined strong man and janitor in a sideshow at Coney Island. Though not an accomplished weight-lifter, he found it no trouble to raise two men off the floor simultaneously, one with each hand. In his new job he performed many such stunts, in addition to sweeping the floor several times a day. One afternoon a young artist turned up in the crowd watching Atlas. He observed with pleasure the heroic play of muscles as Atlas hoisted two men, tore a few old telephone books in two, and straightened out a couple of horseshoes. After the performance the artist asked Atlas if he had ever done any modelling. "I'm at your service," Atlas said. "It sounds like an interesting line of work." The artist took him to see Arthur Lee, the New York sculptor, who immediately became enthusiastic. Lee, in turn, took him to Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. Mrs. Whitney, who was working on a group for a soldiers' memorial, was in need of a husky model. She had told Lee that the ones she had tried made her soldiers look like a detachment of underfed home guards. Atlas, upon arriving at the studio, stripped to his shorts, and Mrs. Whitney circled slowly around him. He offered to tear up some telephone books, but Mrs. Whitney, still circling, said it wasn't necessary. Then she turned to Lee and said, "He's a knockout," and asked Atlas to come to work.

Mrs. Whitney's decision started Atlas on a modelling career which made his work at Coney Island seem so trivial that he soon gave it up. He became one of the most popular male models in America, and worked for many celebrated sculptors, including not only Mrs. Whitney and Lee but also the late George Grey Barnard, James Earle Fraser, and Laura Gardin Fraser. At the sideshow he had been getting four or five dollars a week and a reduced rate on hot dogs and pop; as a model, he averaged nearly a hundred dollars a week for several years. A number of sculptors got together and paid Atlas a yearly retainer to insure that he would be on hand whenever they wanted him. As a result of his modelling, Atlas today runs into himself, in whole or in part, everywhere he goes. For instance, whenever he passes Queens Borough Hall, he stops for a look at his arms on the statue of Civic Virtue. In the Capitol Theatre lobby, on Broadway, he generally nods to the centaurs on the walls, since he posed for the forward, or human, halves of the figures. The identity of the horse which posed for the other halves has been forgotten. In New York Atlas is also on view as George Washington, in Washington Square; as the majority of a military group in front of the Presbyterian Hospital; as The Dawn of Glory, in Brooklyn's Prospect Park; and as miscellaneous soldiers, gods, and athletes. Some Atlases in other parts of the world are



the water centaur in the Missouri State Capitol at Jefferson City; Patriotism, in the Elks' National Memorial Headquarters in Chicago; Energy in Repose, in the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland; Alexander Hamilton, in front of the Treasury Building in Washington; and Sorrow, one of the figures in a war memorial on the bank of the Marne in France. The statue that cheers Atlas most is The Archer, in the Brooklyn Museum, where as a boy he once sat on a stone bench, brooding over his frailty and gazing at Hercules. Oddly, there are no statues of Atlas as Atlas.

IN 1921, Bernarr Macfadden launched a contest to find The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man. In his magazine, *Physical Culture*, he invited all candidates to send him their photographs. A couple of sculptors told Atlas he could win in a breeze, so, somewhat timidly, he bought a second-hand leopard skin, had some pictures taken, submitted them, and nervously awaited developments. Several months later, Macfadden wrote Atlas saying he wanted to inspect him in the flesh. Grabbing his leopard skin, Atlas went to the offices of *Physical Culture*, where the publisher greeted him warmly and handed him a glass of carrot juice. Atlas then unsheathed his muscles and promenaded around Macfadden's

THE ANIMAL AXIS

THE PANDA

I love the Baby Giant Panda,
I'd welcome one to my veranda.
I never worry, wondering maybe
Whether it isn't Giant Baby;
I leave such matters to the scientists—
The Giant Baby—and Baby Giantists.
I simply want a veranda, and a
Giant Baby Giant Panda.

THE KANGAROO

O Kangaroo, O Kangaroo,
Be grateful that you're in the zoo,
And not transmuted by a boomerang
To zestful, tangy Kangaroo meringue.

THE FLY

The housefly, children, haunts the house,
The horsefly haunts the horse,
But the house the horsefly also haunts,
And the housefly the horse, of course.
Oh, a house with simple houseflies rife
Is bourgeois as remorse,
So give me a horsefly-haunted house
Near a housefly-haunted horse.

A BULLETIN HAS JUST COME IN

The rabbit's dreamy eyes grow dreamier
As he quietly gives you tularemia.

The parrot clashes his hooked proboscis
And laughs while handing you psittacosis.

In every swamp or wooded area
Mosquito witches brew malaria.

We risk at every jolly picnic
Spotted fever from a tick nick.

People perish of bubonic;
To rats, it's better than a tonic.

The hog converted into pork
Puts trichinosis on your fork.

The dog today that guards your babies
Tomorrow turns and gives them rabies.

The baby, once all milk and spittle,
Grows to a Hitler, and boy, can he hittle!

That's our planet, and we're stuck with it.
I wish its inheritors the best of luck with it.

—OGDEN NASH

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"The program committee wishes to announce that it has substituted Vincent Sheean for 'Japanese Flower Arrangements,' originally scheduled for next Wednesday."

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room. Although accustomed to wholesale brawn, including his own, Macfadden was noticeably impressed. A few days later he called Atlas in again, gave him another glass of carrot juice, a scroll testifying that he had won the contest, and a check for a thousand dollars.

As the nation's ranking collection of muscles, with a title to prove it, Atlas received an enormous mail. Again the sculptors offered advice. "Why don't you start a course of physical development?" one of them said. "Spread the gospel." Atlas agreed that it was a good idea and, with some money he had saved, opened a gymnasium at Broadway and Fifty-fourth Street. At the same time he started to prepare a mail-order course, settling on the name Dynamic Tension. A year or so later the course was ready, and he began to advertise. Soon the mail-order business took all of his time, and he gave up the gymnasium.

Today Atlas's headquarters occupy the entire seventh floor of an office building at 115 East Twenty-third Street. Atlas has altered the lessons very little since he originally worked them out. "I got them right the first time," he says. They are mailed to the muscle-hungry public in twelve installments, one a week for three months. Each installment consists of a three- to ten-page illustrated pamphlet. There is nothing radical about the course. Its basic recommendations are hard exercise and moderation in everything else. In the first lesson, Atlas greets the convert with a pep talk, in which he advises approaching the course with will power, hope, faith, confidence, and persistence; then he proceeds to the physical. First on the list of exercises is deep breathing, to improve the inside of the chest, and next an exercise for the muscles on the outside. In the latter, a key exercise of the course, the student places two chairs facing one another, stands back from them, leans forward, puts a hand on the seat of each, then alternately lowers and pushes himself up until he is winded. Atlas claims that he built up his chest muscles almost entirely in this fashion. This workout with the chairs is not, strictly speaking, Dynamic Tension, a term which should be applied only to pitting the muscles against one another. One of the most effective of the muscle-pitting exercises is placing the fist of one hand on the palm of the other and conducting a tussle to determine whether the fist can push the hand down or the hand can push the fist up. Performed regularly, Atlas says, this will enlarge practically all of the muscles from the waist up. For the biceps, the size of which is popularly considered an index to a man's muscular strength, Atlas has an exercise which he still does intermittently all day long. In it he alternately tries to bend each arm from a straightened to a flexed position while at the same time he tries to prevent the bending by holding the arm down with the opposite hand. Apparently the exercise has succeeded with Atlas; when he moves about, his biceps roll and flop over sluggishly, like sleepy rattlesnakes.

The course is not concerned wholly with the development of muscle. Atlas lays great stress on things like diet, relaxation, mental outlook, and character building. Although his dietary theories are not revolutionary, he has certain prejudices. He advises against white bread, pies, puddings, pastry, cakes, doughnuts, rolls, muffins, cookies, biscuits, rice, coffee, tea, and alcohol in any form. Milk, he says, can take the place of all of these, but it should be chewed thoroughly. So should water.

The course sells for $20 cash or $25

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on the installment plan. The majority of the students are young men from eighteen to twenty-three, but Atlas also gets a good many middle-aged men and some women. He has two hundred and fifty thousand alumni. Among them, he likes to point out, are such distinguished men as an ex-Minister of War of Peru, Max Baer, and Fred Allen. In this country he gets about fifteen thousand new students a year. Since the passage of the draft bill, he figures he has taken hold of about a thousand patriotic young men who had been rejected as physically unfit (the majority were underweight) and built them up so that they were able to get into the services. Since December 7th, there has been a conspicuous flurry of Dynamic Tension in the various camps, and at the moment Atlas has seven hundred pupils in the Army, Navy, and Coast Guard. A few years ago, Atlas opened a London office, which was bombed by the Nazis last spring but is still doing a big business; England was producing about seven thousand students annually before the war, and the figure has since gone up to about ten thousand. He also operated a branch office in Buenos Aires until a short while ago; he closed it on account of rising taxes there. South America is still one of the company's most productive areas. Dynamic Tension also has followers in India, South Africa, Australia, and the islands of the South Seas. Atlas claims that there is not a populated region in the world where he does not have alumni. He enjoys corresponding with his disciples in places like Fiji and Siberia; he thinks that a common interest in muscles goes far toward breaking down international barriers and promoting brotherly love. He used to have a modest number of pupils in Germany, Italy, and Japan, and he regrets now that he didn't do more to promote business in those countries; he thinks it might have made a difference. His representation in India is especially strong. The Hindus seem to have an extraordinary interest in their physiques. While they have always taken careful note of foreign exercise systems, they have at the same time developed some interesting ones of their own. Atlas has great admiration for the Hindus. A story he tells with considerable satisfaction is concerned with an acquaintance, a Dr. Goldberg, who was travelling in India a few years ago. "This chap, Dr. Goldberg, was hiking along through these little villages," Atlas says, "and he came to one of them and noticed a knot of men gathered in a kind of open hut. Well, he went up, and what do you think they had propped up in the back? A picture of Atlas, with a candle burning underneath. Why, they were giving me the old salaam, just like they do the cobra."

ATLAS generally arrives at his office shortly after lunch. There he eats a dessert of figs and prunes, a supply of which he keeps in a desk drawer. Then he announces to his secretary that he is ready to confer with any visitors who may be waiting. If a visitor is not awed by the twenty-one pictures of Atlas that hang on the walls of the foyer, he is almost certain to be awed by Atlas himself, for the creator of Dynamic Tension usually opens an interview by taking off his shirt. He starts the conversation while seated behind his desk in the semi-nude.

His duties consist largely of reading and answering mail. He himself answers every inquiry about his course. The rest of his time he spends in keeping in shape. The company's financial affairs are looked after by his business manager, Mr. Charles P. Roman, whom he hired fourteen years ago. Atlas finds it difficult to concentrate on his body and on finance too. Also, he is so trusting that he will allow anybody to impose on him, and Roman has to protect him. Ever since he began his physical-culture business, Atlas has made a comfortable living, even though he has never been as concerned with money as he has with spreading the doctrine of physical culture. Students who buy the course on the installment plan, for instance, can get all the lessons for a small down payment and a promise to pay the rest eventually. Atlas says he still gets checks from pupils of ten and fifteen years ago. The company's annual gross is about $350,000. A large part of this goes right back into advertising. Atlas's net is said to be around $20,000.

Having an almost religious attitude toward the work he is doing, Atlas usually spends much more time than necessary on his correspondence. He writes long, detailed letters, not only to students and prospective students but to boys who just want information and are not interested in taking his course. He gives such advice as "Get up immediately on awakening in the morning —providing you wake at a reasonable hour. Don't dilly dally. GET UP!" and "Do not overlook the value of good music. *Like* attracts *like*. Music is pure and clean. Good music inspires and lifts you into higher realms. I very strongly recommend that you take what I call a 'MUSIC BATH' daily" and "A good nerve tonic is to dab a little water on your solar plexus, a little above the navel, every morning upon arising. Excellent." He always ends his letters, "With best wishes and a warm handclasp, I remain, Charles Atlas." A few highly excitable young men have, after getting a fervent Atlas letter, travelled great distances for a conference with the master. Recently one of them hitchhiked all the way from San Francisco, spending nearly a month on the road. When the boy arrived at the office, Atlas flexed his biceps for his caller and took him to lunch.

ATLAS lives very quietly in a small house at 7901 Twelfth Avenue, in Brooklyn. He is married and has a

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son, Charles, Jr., who is a student at N.Y.U., and a daughter, Diana, who is studying voice. Atlas and his wife met while he was working as a strong man at Coney Island. As she and her mother watched his show one day he noticed them in the audience, and afterward offered to carry some heavy parcels they had with them. Mrs. Atlas, Charles, Jr., and Diana have all taken the muscle course and are undoubtedly a lot stronger than most people. Diana is probably one of the strongest young women in Brooklyn. She can bend a small iron bar in the palm of one hand. Charles, Jr., is known to his friends at N.Y.U. as Hercules. The senior Atlas's neighbors consider him one of the mildest of men. In his street clothes he has a nonmuscular, unobtrusive look. He goes out of his way to avoid disputes. When, on occasion, some large, short-tempered man tries to draw him into a fight, he says, "Please, Mister. I'm a very peaceful guy. Just leave me alone, will you?" Sometimes, however, Atlas is taxed beyond his patience. Not long ago he was riding in a crowded subway train and timorously asked a big, sprawling man to move over and let a woman sit down. "Listen," the man told him, "if you don't keep your face out of my business, I'm going to get up and knock all your teeth out." Atlas seized the man by the neck and the trousers, swung him up in the air, and shook him vigorously for several moments. Before they got off the train, the man recognized Atlas and apologized. "He said he was out of sorts because he was feeling bad," Atlas says. "I gave him a long talk about the value of physical exercise, and as we waited to reach our stations he decided to buy the course."

Atlas is apathetic toward night life. On rare occasions he drops into Leon & Eddie's, where he orders orange juice and generally tries to talk some of the customers out of drinking alcohol, which does not seem to ingratiate him with the management. He spends nearly all of his evenings at home, playing operatic or symphonic records on a gigantic radio-phonograph or reading about the ancient Greeks and Romans, with whom he feels an athletic kinship.

Wherever Atlas goes, he feels called upon to deliver health sermons. "I've never drunk and I've never smoked," he said recently to a man who had just been introduced to him at a cocktail party. "I mean people hand me a cocktail, I say, 'The hell with it. Give me some orange juice.' They give me a cigar, I say, 'If I smoked it, I'd turn blue in the face.' Rich men call me up. They say, 'Charlie, I've lost a half-million dollars. I've got to sell my house. I'm going to blow my brains out.' I say, 'You ought to stick your head under water for that statement. Get to exercising. Forget it. Burn your bonds. Tear up your stocks. Give away your property. Get on a healthy basis. My God, man, it's the body that counts. The hell with your possessions.' " Atlas says that he is extremely happy all of the time. "I got no worries," he says. "My health is perfect and the business no longer has any competition." Atlas is the last of the famous strong men in the muscle-building field. Lionel Strongfort, who used to appear in trunks on the pages of the pulp magazines, retired years ago and is now believed to be residing on an estate he owns in Germany. Joe Bonomo, another of the great physical-culture men, is in the candy-manufacturing business in Brooklyn. Earl Liederman, who has lost much of his once profitable interest in muscle, lives in Hollywood and writes poetry.

"And what did you get?"

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In times past, Atlas has wrangled on and off about the theory of exercise with a man named Bob Hoffman, who publishes a magazine called *Strength and Health* and sells bar bells. Recently, however, the row ended when the Federal Trade Commission forced Hoffman to stop saying that Atlas's course was no good, despite the fact that Hoffman went to Washington and stood on his thumbs for the Commission in an ambiguous attempt to prove the superiority of bar bells to Dynamic Tension. Atlas has such complete faith in Dynamic Tension that he is deeply depressed by adverse criticism. One of his favorite ways of demonstrating his system's respectability is to mention a letter he once received from Mahatma Gandhi. The letter read, "I've heard of the wonderful work you are doing and wonder if there is some way you can build me up. M. K. Gandhi." Atlas devised a diet and recommended a series of mild exercises for the Mahatma. "I didn't charge him a dime," he says. "I felt mighty sorry for him. The poor little chap, he's nothing but a bag of bones."

—Robert Lewis Taylor

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THE THEATRE

FULL WEEK

I GUESS that the wisdom of opening plays on Christmas night is still more or less subject to debate. The theory apparently is that on this occasion, at least, the critic will be full of a genial holiday spirit and for once as amiable as more normal men. In practice, I'm afraid it often turns out that he is merely full of food and, if a parent, apt to have been reduced to a dish mop by his offspring. The motive behind these cautious preliminaries is cowardly. If history decides that "Banjo Eyes," with Eddie Cantor, which turned up on December 25th at the Hollywood Theatre, is a triumph of wit and beauty, I'm ready with my excuse for not admiring it more than I did; I was preoccupied with certain interior misgivings of my own.

My dubious judgment, then, is that Mr. Cantor's vehicle is large, expensive, competent, and a good deal of a bore. Vaguely based on a celebrated farce called "Three Men on a Horse," "Banjo Eyes" has practically every characteristic of a superior musical comedy except the subtle qualities of wit, taste, and imagination which distinguish the best of them.

There are, if you find them fascinating, talking horses, humorously able to cross their legs (how closely two actors can imitate a horse has almost ceased to be a matter of wonder to me); some parody ballroom dances (with the exception of the Hartmans, a pronounced blind spot of mine); some patriotic songs (the gentlemen of the chorus in a belligerent mood somehow alarm me in almost exactly the wrong way); and a good deal of adequate though by no means extraordinary singing and dancing by a chorus of distinguished appearance.

Principally, however, there is Eddie Cantor, a comedian of one of the great vintage years. The famous funny men of our time are quite a problem to me. Ed Wynn, Jimmy Durante, and Victor Moore are all practically perfect, but from then on my hilarity abates until, with Al Jolson, it reaches a state very hard to tell from catalepsy. Mr. Cantor comes somewhere in the middle. I appreciate his charm and alacrity, but for some reason or other he doesn't make me laugh. When he sings "Margie" and "Whoopee" in blackface, my only feeling about the past is that it may have been a bit overrated. I am probably just not a Cantor man, and in view of the very large part he plays in the goings on at the Hollywood, it is equally possible that I am not a very competent judge of his show. Among the other performers, incidentally, are Lionel Stander, Audrey Christie, and June Clyde. They're all very nice.

"LETTERS TO LUCERNE," at the Music Box, is a pretty, touching little play with its heart firmly in the right place and I think it can safely be recommended to everybody except those few icy purists whose inflexible standards take no account at all of good intentions. Sensibly enough, the authors, Fritz Rotter and Allen Vincent, have reduced their study of the war to its simplest possible terms. They wish to do no more than consider its effect on a group of teen-age girls in a fashionable Swiss school. These fortunate children are isolated by geography from any actual physical contact with the struggle, but they have a strong, if elementary, political interest in it through the accident of race, since among them they represent practically all the belligerent nations.

The title, and the play itself, for that matter, arise from a schoolgirl custom of reading aloud the letters the girls get from home. By this useful device, Mr. Rotter and Mr. Vincent are able not only to give us an oblique sermon on international affairs but also to develop clearly and logically the growing feeling against the young German student, innocent of everything except her nationality. I am not entirely sure about the merits of the letters as literary compositions—sometimes they seem eerily pat, and always they have that unmistakable air of something written to be read aloud—but dramatically they serve their purpose very well. The moment at the end of the second act when the little German listens with horror first to an account of her country's relentless triumphs in Poland and then to her best friend, a Polish girl, reading a letter dealing with the other side of this great victory, is fine theatre, and also about as moving a thing as I've heard this season.

Unfortunately, this note isn't quite sustained throughout the evening. The first act, establishing the idyllic nature of the retreat in the Alps before the Munich days, does so a trifle too exhaustively, and there are even moments when the girlish charm of the inmates is hard to tell from simple foolishness. The third, while good, is slightly anticlimactic and I can't help suspecting that the last letter of all, in which it is disclosed that the German girl's brother, an aviator, has crashed his plane rather than bomb Warsaw, strikes a moderately ingenuous note, though undoubtedly of great assistance to the plot. On the whole, however, I think you will like "Letters to Lucerne." It has its flaws, but the feeling it leaves behind is pleasant and good.

For some reason most of the young ladies in the cast appear to be the daughters of prominent artists of one kind or another, and this on opening night was responsible for a rustling which periodically swept the audience, like wind in ripe corn. "That's Dwight Wiman's daughter," the whispers ran. "That's Stokowski's. That's Barthelmess's. That's Clive Brooks'. That's Stephen Avery's." I'm glad to report that all the young actresses kept their poise even in these trying circumstances.

AT the moment, I'm at a loss to account for the motives of any of the talented people responsible for the appearance of "Clash by Night." Did Billy Rose really imagine that he was performing an artistic service in producing this conspicuously dull and pretentious play? Did Tallulah Bankhead seriously consider Mae Wilenski any more than a pallid version of the adulterous heroine of "Street Scene"? Did

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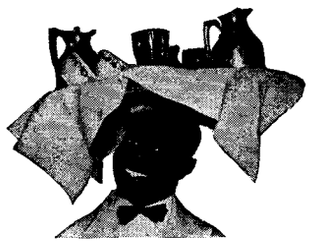

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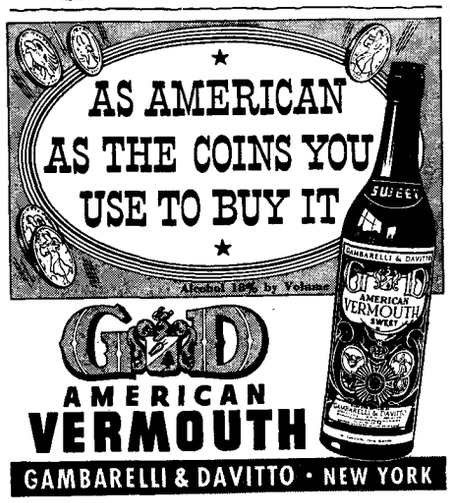

any of the other members of the cast—Joseph Schildkraut, Katherine Locke, or Lee J. Cobb—see in the characters they were asked to represent any of the color or dimension of living people? Did Clifford Odets ever think of his new play as worthy to be compared in any respect with "Awake and Sing" or "Waiting for Lefty"? I'm afraid I don't know the answers to any of these questions.

All I know is that "Clash by Night," at the Belasco, is just about the saddest disappointment of the season up to now. Now and then a symptom of Mr. Odets' real talent comes through—a true and memorable line, something acutely observed and accurately reported—but for the most part the writing is flat and undistinguished, and the story, essentially no more than that of a discontented suburban wife, is dismal and occasionally even comic.

As usual, Mr. Odets has created quite a gallery of peculiar secondary characters, but this time, I fear, it isn't a very interesting peculiarity. Most of them just seem a little feeble-minded. In view of the discouraging nature of the script, the acting is probably as good as can be expected, although Miss Bankhead herself certainly seems a little miscast. She is an actress of considerable range, but as the wife of a Polish laborer on Staten Island she persistently reminded me far more of a Southern belle out slumming.

THE story of Murder, Inc., as it appeared daily in the press was interesting but perhaps rather untidy and excessive. There was a remarkable amount of bloodshed—even Dashiell Hammett could scarcely ask for more than eighty-seven homicides—but all this furious activity was somewhat hard on the casual reader. As the grisly news unfolded, it was occasionally difficult to assign credit where it was due, to remember exactly who bumped off whom, or even to go on caring particularly. The trouble artistically with mass murder is that it has a diminishing impact. After a certain amount of unrelieved violence, the attention is apt to wander. To some extent, I think, this criticism can be applied to "Brooklyn, U.S.A.," a thoroughly documented melodrama by Asa Bordages and John Bright, now visible at the Forrest.

Mr. Bordages and Mr. Bright obviously know what they're talking about, but I'm sorry to say that after a brutal and very effective murder at the end of their first act, my interest waned rapidly and by the time we got to the death-house scene—dangerously close to a parody of this old favorite, by the way—I had had about enough. While a good part of this discouraging effect must be charged to the authors' much too abundant material, their treatment of it isn't entirely above reproach, either. With the exception of a minor character or two, the men and women involved in the dark shenanigans at the Forrest are so indefatigably vicious that their behavior is not only as vacant morally as a struggle in a rat pit but also more than a little comic from time to time. Mr. Bordages and Mr. Bright have decided against introducing any actual representatives of law and order, and I can't help feeling that this was a mistake, since some handy system of reference to normal conduct would certainly have been a relief.

Eddie Nugent, Martin Wolfson, Sidney Lumet, Adelaide Klein, and their many male and female accomplices converse in a strangely clipped and lopsided fashion appropriate to their rôles, but I'm afraid their effect on me was only intermittently sinister.

THERE have undoubtedly been worse plays than "Pie in the Sky," but I certainly don't remember a duller one. From time to time, travellers returning from strange, far-off places have described great killer vines whose deadly tentacles first enmesh the unwary victim and then briskly strangle him to death. As far as I can define the experience I underwent at the Playhouse, this was it. Luella Gear, Oscar Shaw, and Enid Markey were among those abetting the vine in its wicked purpose.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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THE VANISHING ELK

[*From the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*]

WORRIED OVER SMALL HERD

Authorities are worried over the repeated killing of elk because of the effort that is being put forth to revive the herd and the fact that it is believed that there are not more than 20 roaming wild in the state.

The annual "lodge of sorrow" of the Du Bois Elks yesterday honored the memory of the smallest number of members to die in any one year in the past twenty.

Only six members were listed on the memorial program.

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"UP, THE REBELS!"

ONE evening recently I dropped into my club for a drink on my way home from the theatre. The only other person in the taproom was a man I had never seen before. He was short, plump, and extremely dapper. The most arresting thing about him was his hair, which was a reddish orange. He had a pleasant, rather serious face. I nodded a greeting, and he introduced himself with a slightly ceremonious air. His name was Doyle. He was a member of the staff of the Consulate General of Eire and had been given a two-week guest card by one of his friends so that he could live at the club while looking around for an apartment. He said that he had arrived in America only a few days before, by Clipper. I invited him to sit down at a table with me and have a drink—partly because it seemed the courteous thing to do and partly because I wanted very much to ask him a question I had heard discussed inconclusively at a dinner party the evening before.

"Would you mind telling me," I said, "how your government solves the problem of addressing its own nationals—in official communications, say—who have inherited titles conferred by the English King? We were talking about it last night—about the predicament of a citizen of a republic who finds himself saddled with a patent of nobility conferred by the country from which the republic has freed itself."

"No predicament exists," Mr. Doyle said. "No predicament whatever."

"You mean that even in official communications, such as letters going out from Dublin Castle, you continue to use the titles for courtesy's sake?"

"Why shouldn't we use titles for Irish nationals?" Mr. Doyle said, raising his eyebrows. "If an Irish national has a title, he has a title."

I wondered whether he had understood my question. He looked as if he hadn't.

"I'm afraid your country's behavior is more gracious than ours was when we seceded from Britain," I said. "It's true that there were never many titles over here and that the men who held them were mostly Englishmen who merely happened to be living in America. As I imagine you know, most of these titled Englishmen fled to Canada, the West Indies, and so on as soon as our Revolution began. But I've read that when they returned, as several of them did, a good many republicans took pleasure in mistering them."

It was clear that Mr. Doyle disapproved. "That was a queer thing," he said. "A very queer thing indeed."

Irish courtesy is—if one can generalize about courtesy on a national scale—wholly innate and unselfconscious. But to persons fresh from encounters with the local police, it must be pointed out that this courtesy is more evident on Irish soil. Americans visiting in Ireland find something in the air that is vaguely like Thanksgiving at Grandmother's. This business of titles, of course, was something else again. I had not been in Ireland for some time, but I could recall without much effort another mood of hers—Ireland doesn't limit herself to one—that led crowds of wretched, ragged men and women to pour into stately squares and crescents, roaring, "Up, the rebels!," "Down with the price of whiskey!," and "To hell with the English!"

"By the way," I said, "am I right in assuming that, as a matter of course, no more titles will be conferred on Irish nationals, even though existing titles will be allowed to stand?"

"And why should no more titles be conferred?" Mr. Doyle was astonished.

"I don't mean to be rude," I said. "It's just that I'm extremely interested in the independent Irish republic and curious to know how difficulties like these are being solved."

"But the particular difficulty you speak of *isn't* a difficulty," Mr. Doyle insisted. "Why, Lord what's-his-name—wasn't it Lord Drogheda?—he was before my time—sat in the Dail, and it's conceivable that the List of Honors soon will include an Irishman of marked ability, who is distinguishing himself in the Cabinet. I refer to Mr. Brendan Bracken. As you undoubtedly have read in the papers, Mr. Bracken, formerly Mr. Churchill's private secretary, is doing admirable work as the new Minister of Information. If his career continues to be brilliant, as we all feel sure it will, it is to be hoped that he will be elevated to the peerage."

"What part of Ireland is Mr. Bracken from?" I inquired, thinking there was a slight chance he might say Ulster.

Mr. Doyle beamed and lifted his chin a fraction of an inch. "Mr. Bracken is a Kilkenny man," he said. "It would not surprise us at all if he were to receive a viscounty."

"Would it carry an Irish place name with it?" I asked.

"Of course! It's likely he would be designated the Viscount Kilkenny."

"But would the President permit him to accept the title?" I said. "I mean, would it be a constitutionally correct procedure?"

"Certainly."

It was on the tip of my tongue to inquire whether the President of Ireland and his Prime Minister, Mr. de Valera, could legally accept similar honors in the improbable event of their names appearing in the List of Honors, but I decided against this. Instead I said, "Then Mr. Bracken might go back to Ireland later on and live there *as* Lord Kilkenny, voting as an Irish citizen and all that, and no one would think it strange? Your government wouldn't object?"

"We should be gratified," he assured me. "*Very* gratified. To tell you the truth, we expect great things of Mr. Bracken."

"But the problem of dual nationality—" I said.

"Ireland doesn't worry about trifles like that," he said. "We don't care as much as you do for what you call red tape. Now that we're governing ourselves, we're a bit more free and easy, if you follow me."

BY this time it was rather late. I said I was afraid I'd have to be getting home, and declined the drink Mr. Doyle urged me to have with him. We stood up and shook hands.

"It's been a great pleasure to talk with you," he said as I signed the bar check. "I hope I shall have many such opportunities to dispel the false impressions that I'm told you Americans have about Ireland. As a nation, we're really not at all hard to understand."

"As a nation, you're everything that's delightful." I said.

—JAMES REID PARKER

•

Smith's running through a broken field and Daley's plunging gave Minnesota its first two touchdowns, and then Diggins, who weighs only 15 pounds, took over.
—*The Herald Tribune.*

Little old Diggins, by Gad!

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LYCEUM, 45th E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

SECOND LAUGH YEAR!
MY SISTER EILEEN
By Joseph Fields & Jerome Chodorov
Based on the stories by Ruth McKenney
BILTMORE, W. 47th St. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:40

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A Farce By NOEL COWARD
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FULTON Theatre, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. at 2:40
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LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 28 (BY CABLE)

BECAUSE of the well-known Axis predilection for staging coups on days devoted normally to Christian peace and quiet, most people here approached the Christmas holiday with the feeling that it might very likely be ticked off in red on the Hitlerian calendar. Having filled the children's stockings, parents retired to bed, leaving their flashlights and warm clothing extra handy in case something noisier than a herald angel should drop in, and families gathered around their radios on Christmas morning expecting to hear a new tale of aggression mixed in with the carols.

Hitler's taking over of the German High Command was looked upon here as a tipoff that the mystical prow of the *Herrenvolk's* destiny was going to be turned in a new direction. Just what that direction may be is the problem which press and public are busy trying to solve at the moment, and it is devoutly hoped that the Allied intelligence services have their own information which will enable them to dispense with the usual chorus of astonishment over yet another caddish surprise offensive. Half the papers seem to think that the Eastern Mediterranean will see Hitler's début as an active Napoleon. The other half has been prudently guarding against any possible holiday relaxation of vigilance by prophesying that an immediate invasion of this country was the nut which Hitler's generals had jibbed at cracking.

Whatever their individual fancies, people were not inclined to repeat the old error of viewing the latest Nazi reshuffle as a desperate last move which would turn out well for the British. The idea of Hitler as a crazy, Chaplinesque commander who would quickly blunder toward disaster isn't so popular as it was before some of those supposedly crazy notions of his proved pretty sound after all. The cautious general feeling has seemed to be that the last-minute new casting looked like an admission of embarrassment on the part of the management but it would be a mistake to pass judgment on the show before the curtain went up. Since Hitler was never a slow worker, most Britons expect to hear the warning bell even before they've taken down the Christmas decorations.

THERE was nothing cautious, however, about the feeling that the news of the Prime Minister's arrival in Washington was good news, word of which came as a surprise to the majority of Londoners. The secret had been better kept than the story of his journey to the Atlantic rendezvous, which was leaking around the town long before it broke in the papers. Those in modest working-class homes seemed particularly pleased by this latest development. They were disappointed by the Atlantic Charter, which they regarded as a lot of incomprehensible words their Premier had had to go a dickens of a way to formulate; now that the second series of discussions is being conducted on dry land, they hope for some correspondingly more solid outcome, which they will be able really to get their teeth into. Mr. Churchill's speech to Congress and his warm reception were heard by millions of Britons, who sat beaming by their radios, feeling that old Winnie was doing them proud.

LAST week, unhappily, nobody found anything to beam about in the Far Eastern war news, which was bad and was openly expected to become worse. Mr. Churchill's promise that Singapore would be held brought only moderate comfort to an anxious public, whose Christmas had been saddened by the loss of Hong Kong. There was relief, however, over the removal of Air Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham as Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the Far East. Of his successor, Sir Henry Pownall, little is generally known, but plenty of truly perturbed Britons can only pray that the incoming Commander-in-Chief may prove a little slower on the verbal trigger and a little faster everywhere else than the disastrously chatty outgoing one was. It wasn't exactly cheering to people who for months have been handed a complacent line of talk about Singapore's impregnable defenses to learn that those defenses had serious gaps or to read the wails of the Malayan authorities that their nice plans for a scorched-earth policy had been spoiled by the suddenness of the unsporting Japanese attack.

To date, the most graphic account of the Malayan fighting has been sent back by a *Times* correspondent, whose dispatch read something like a "Jungle Book" account of a conflict between puzzled elephants and tribes of agile, inventive monkeys. "If they [the Japanese] come up against heavy opposi-

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ETHEL BARRYMORE in "THE CORN IS GREEN" by EMLYN WILLIAMS
ROYALE Theatre W. 45 Street Eves. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LILLIAN HELLMAN'S "WATCH ON THE RHINE"
LUCILE WATSON PAUL LUKAS MADY CHRISTIANS
MARTIN BECK Theatre W. 45 Street Eves. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

The Theatre Guild and The Playwrights' Company present
Helen Hayes
in Maxwell Anderson's New Play
Candle in the Wind
Staged by Alfred Lunt
Shubert Thea., W. 44th St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:35

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SHEPARD TRAUBE, in Association With Alexander H. Cohen, presents
ANGEL STREET
By PATRICK HAMILTON
VINCENT PRICE • JUDITH EVELYN • LEO G. CARROLL
GOLDEN Theatre, W. 45 St. Cl. 6-6740
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. January 1, 2, 3 at 2:40

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GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical hit
BEST FOOT FORWARD
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Book by JOHN CECIL HOLM • HUGH MARTIN & RALPH BLANE Music & Lyrics by
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"Miss George is a joy."—BROWN, World-Telegram
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"The finest production of 'Macbeth' in the modern American theatre."
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MAURICE EVANS and JUDITH ANDERSON
in Shakespeare's
MACBETH
Directed by MARGARET WEBSTER
NATIONAL Thea., W. 41 St. PEnn. 6-8220
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Fri., Sat. & Wed. 2:30

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
A New Play
Letters to LUCERNE
by
FRITZ ROTTER & ALLEN VINCENT
CORT Theatre, 48th St. E. of B'way., BR. 9-0046
Eves. $1.10 to $3.30. Mats. January 1 & 3 at 2:40

tion," the correspondent wrote indignantly, "they make no attempt to launch a frontal assault but creep round and attack from a flank. Similarly, when our troops advance, the enemy disappears into the jungle on either side."

Many on this island had personal anxieties to pile on top of last week's grave public ones. There were individual uncertainties concerning the fate of friends and relatives in Malaya and Hong Kong; moreover, the fate of incomes derived from rubber and tin-mining industries in the East were distinctly tottering in the balance. The chairman of the Ayer Hitam Tin Dredging Company expressed the latter situation with admirable moderation when he observed at the annual general meeting of shareholders in the firm, "It is hardly necessary to add that recent events must adversely affect production at the mine." Recent events are also going to affect adversely the production of corsets, fly swatters, tobacco pouches, garden hose, rubber bones for dogs, and golf tees, the manufacture of which will be prohibited by an order of the Ministry of Supply, effective next Monday. Motor tires, already at a premium, will be more difficult than ever to obtain because of what is happening in Malaya. Those who were fortunate or foresighted enough to salt away a couple of spares are looking a good deal happier than motorists who are running on faith and old retreads.

WITH such a whale of a lot on their minds, few Britons are going to feel like wishing each other a happy New Year as enthusiastically as usual; to wish for a happy one with their Premier's warning of a time of tribulation to come still ringing in their ears might sound a bit derisive. Most people will be content to reflect that it is at any rate a new year, which means that they're a lap nearer to 1943, the date officially set for the democracies to quit turning cheeks and begin slapping them. When Britons and Americans can wish each other a happy 1943, that will be really something.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

BIRTHS

HALL—To the wife of William F. Hall, 414 27th St., Nov. 14, a son.

HAACK—To the wife of David G. Haack, 231 Seventh Ave., Nov. 15, a daughter.

KENNEDY—To the wife of John P. Kennedy, Crockett, Calif., Nov. 17, a ——.
—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Never mind.

SPORTS Calendar

SUN. 4 HOCKEY AMERICANS vs BOSTON Afternoon-Amateur Hockey
JAN. 4 to 11
THURS. HOCKEY AMERICANS vs DETROIT
MON. 5 Meeting LENIN MEMORIAL
FRI. BOXING Joe LOUIS vs Buddy BAER World's Heavyweight Championship
TUES. HOCKEY RANGERS vs DETROIT
SAT. 10 BASKETBALL L.I.U. vs GEORGETOWN and C.C.N.Y. vs ST. JOSEPH'S
WED. 7 BASKETBALL N.Y.U. vs MANHATTAN C.C.N.Y. vs ST. JOHNS
SUN. 11 HOCKEY AMERICANS vs CANADIENS Afternoon-Amateur Hockey

Ticket reservations for Garden events may be obtained at Western Union offices in the Metropolitan area at box-office prices.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN

MOTION PICTURES

GARBO in "TWO-FACED WOMAN"
Melvyn DOUGLAS
Constance BENNETT
Roland YOUNG
An M-G-M Hit
Capitol
B'way & 51st Street

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Rockefeller Center
Mickey ROONEY • Judy GARLAND
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•

The brutal bombing of Manila was Tokio's attempt to sell its product to the Filipinos. This program was brought to them by the makers of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.

•

Hitler has taken complete charge of the war, in accordance with his famous intuition. Germans must begin to wonder whether Adolf's inner voice is any more reliable than his outer one.

•

Herr von Ribbentrop assures the German people that final victory will come in 1942. This is the regular Nazi promissory note, renewable every New Year's Day.

•

"We Germans," says Dr. Goebbels, "are not always loved." This is a masterpiece of understatement by a great understatesman.

•

The Italian High Command wants it plainly understood that the Axis retreat in Libya is not being hindered by the British forces. Any report to the contrary is a dirty demo-pluto-Soviet lie.

•

De Gaulle's Christmas gift to the democracies of St. Pierre and Miquelon caused our State Department much embarrassment. Mr. Hull would like to exchange these presents for a couple of kind words from Vichy.

•

The Supreme Court says an employer may express his views upon the union question, but only in a nice way. He must never utter the ugly words "or else."

•

A current news photograph shows William Green and John Lewis in the act of not speaking to each other. What stars they might have been in the silent-picture days!

•

It seems likely that New Year's revelry will break no altitude records. The situation calls for only medium-high jinks. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

MISS DOOLING IS READY FOR IT

ON a recent afternoon before the New York public schools were closed for the Christmas holidays, the classroom of Grade 4-B, P.S. 76, was turned into a department store. It was a routine transformation, easy for children to understand and believe in. The teacher's desk, once the teacher had left it and gone to the back of the classroom, became a glove counter. Caroline McCabe, a saleslady, went and stood behind the counter, her head not very far above the top of it. Joseph Polodoni, a floorwalker, took up a position a few steps down what was obviously an aisle. Ruth Silverman, another saleslady, stood near the revolving doors, just inside the entrance to the store. Then Mary Collins, a customer, walked through the revolving doors and stopped in front of Ruth.

"Would you care to buy some gloves perhaps?" Ruth asked Mary.

"Why yes, thank you," said Mary. "Would you direct me to the glove counter, please?"

"With pleasure," said Ruth. "If you will kindly address your inquiry to that floorwalker there, he will be glad to oblige you."

"Thank you so much," said Mary, and walked over to Joseph.

"I am a floorwalker," said Joseph. "Did you wish something, please?"

"Thank you," said Mary. "I wish to purchase some gloves."

"Please go to the glove counter over there," said Joseph, pointing.

"Thank you so much," said Mary, and walked over to the glove counter, where Caroline was waiting.

"Did you wish to purchase some gloves?" asked Caroline.

"Yes," said Mary. "I wish to purchase two new pairs, for my mother and I."

"What size, please?"

"Size eight and a half for my mother and size six and a half for me."

"We have blue, yellow, and white gloves and they cost two dollars and eighty-five cents per pair."

"Thank you. I will purchase one blue pair, size eight and a half, and one white pair, size six and a half."

"Did you wish them delivered, please?"

"Yes, please. I wish them delivered C.O.D."

"Did you wish to pay something down at this time?"

"Yes, thank you. I wish to pay one-third down at this time."

The department store then dissolved as the teacher walked back to her desk and Mary, Caroline, Joseph, and Ruth returned to their seats.

"Now," asked the teacher, "how much would Mary have to pay when the two pairs of gloves, costing two dollars and eighty-five cents per pair, are delivered C.O.D., providing she had paid one-third down at the store?"

The children were working out this problem with pencils and paper when a gong in the corridor outside rang loudly twice, and then five times, and, after a pause, five times again.

I WAS sitting at the back of the classroom with Miss Dooling, the principal of P.S. 76, who had agreed to show me what goes on in a New York public school in wartime. "That's the emergency air-raid alarm," she explained. "The five-gong signal means that there is no time for the children to be taken home and that we must make them as safe as possible here in the school building. This is a drill, of course, but the children don't know whether it's a real alarm or not until it's over."

Four boys had jumped up from their desks at the sound of the gong and had disappeared into the cloakroom. They now came back into the classroom carrying armloads of coats and hats, and dumped them on some desks. The twenty-odd boys and girls of 4-B went and found their things and put them on. They seemed calm and their faces were solemn, as they had been when Mary was buying her gloves. They marched out into the corridor, where other boys and girls were moving along in double lines.

P.S. 76 is a big, square, old-fashioned red-brick building on Lexington Avenue at Sixty-eighth Street. It was built in 1883. There are five floors, each of which has a wide corridor running down the centre, with classrooms on either

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side. A few more than eight hundred pupils attend P.S. 76, from kindergarten through the eighth grade. The youngest are four years old, the oldest fourteen. The school authorities have decided that the safest places for the children in the school building during an air raid are the corridors on the first and second floors. In something under four minutes by my watch they were all in the specified corridors, sitting on the floor and looking rather gay.

As Miss Dooling and I reached one end of the second-floor corridor, she stopped and faced the several hundred children there and said, "Now, boys and girls, what is it we do if we are in real danger?"

There was a sudden squall of movement, some suppressed giggles, and the children's faces suddenly disappeared. Leaning forward on their knees, they had hiked the tails of their overcoats over their heads and now were sitting again, dishevelled and hidden.

"All right, danger's past," said Miss Dooling after a moment. The overcoats fluttered again like skirts in a ballet and the faces came in sight, all smiling. "That part isn't in the regulations," Miss Dooling said to me, "but I thought it would be a sensible precaution against flying glass, if there is to be flying glass. Anyway, they seem to love to do it. Children seem to love to cover up their heads and hide."

She passed the word for the teachers to march the children back to the classrooms again, and we started on a tour of the school.

Miss Dooling is a large, calm, capable-looking woman with a strong, kind face. She has been in the public schools for twenty years and has been a principal for ten. She showed me around as a captain might show a visitor over his ship, and it was clear that she took a quiet pride in what had been created under her command. "There are, at least for the time being, two kinds of air-raid drills," she told me. "First, the one we just saw—the emergency alarm. Second, the home-escort alarm, which you will see later on, when the children are divided according to the neighborhoods in which they live and are taken to their homes by the teachers. From kindergarten through 5-B, that is, the children are taken home by the teachers; pupils of the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades take themselves home without escorts."

"Do many of the children seem to have been frightened by all this?" I asked.

"I have seen no evidence of it," she said. "Naturally, we have tried to explain the air-raid drills to them so as to avoid that. 'Now, children,' I have said to them, 'we have always had fire drills and you know we have never had a fire. Now, these air-raid drills are the same thing, only there is more for us to do because our country is at war. We can't get on a ship and fight and we can't pick up guns and fight for our country but we can do our part here in school by being prepared.' I tell them things like that, and the teachers, of course, do the same.

"Now, these pictures should come down," she remarked as we went up a stairway, one wall of which was hung with framed prints. "We have taken down all glass-framed pictures in the classrooms and corridors as a precautionary measure. I must see that these are taken down too. Now, let's have a look in here," she went on as we reached a classroom on the third floor. "They're writing their autobiographies as a part of the English course and it is working out splendidly."

We went in and the teacher told us that a pupil named Eileen was about to read aloud the opening chapters of her autobiography. "Go right ahead, Eileen," said Miss Dooling. Eileen was blonde, demure, confident, and about nine years old. She smiled at us tolerantly and started to read from what looked like a homemade volume, on the cover of which had been pasted a romantic picture of a lady sitting in a swing, evidently clipped from a magazine.

"My autobiography is entitled 'Looking Back,'" Eileen announced. "'Chapter One: Heritage. In a little town just outside Stuttgart, Germany, my mother was born. My father also was born in Germany. When he was very young he came to the United States. He got a job as an engineer in the Loft Candy Company. Then, a few years later, my mother came to the United States. After she had been here a while she found a job too. My mother had a good friend and this friend's husband knew my father. My parents were invited to a party given by these friends. Later they fell in love and married. Less than a year later I became a member of the family. They could not decide what to name me and I was named Eileen be-

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cause this was suggested by the janitor of our apartment house, who is of Irish descent.

" 'Chapter Two: Those Childish Days. An experience I remember very well occurred in Central Park. When I was about four years old my mother, brother, and I went to a concert in Central Park. The park was very crowded. My mother was bending over to fix my brother's carriage. A few steps away another woman was doing the same thing. Daydreaming, and not looking where I was going, I went with the other woman. When the other woman pushed me aside and walked away I looked up and saw it wasn't my mother, and I began to cry. Then a kind policeman took my hand and walked around with me. All of a sudden I saw my mother and ran to her. You can imagine how glad I felt.' That's all I've written up to the present," said Eileen, and sat down.

"It's going very well indeed," said Miss Dooling, and Eileen nodded and looked at her desk. The teacher showed us some more autobiographies, including one by a Belgian boy who had escaped from Brussels with his mother and father after the German invasion and one that started out, "The population of New York City was increased on September 30, 1929, when I was born in a Bronx hospital."

As Miss Dooling and I left the classroom something white shot by us and Miss Dooling called out, "Bessie!" A little girl in a white dress came to a stop halfway down the corridor, then darted back to us, and stood smiling up at Miss Dooling, breathing hard and holding in her hand a piece of folded notepaper.

"Now, tell us what you are," said Miss Dooling.

"I'm a girl," said Bessie.

"No. I mean tell us what you *do*."

"I'm a messenger girl," said Bessie.

"Bessie carries messages from her 2-B class to the office, or to me, or to other teachers when a message needs to be sent," Miss Dooling explained. "Where are you going now, Bessie?"

"To the office," said Bessie. "Sarah MacGuire's big sister has got to take Sarah home in the air raid instead of Sarah going with the teacher, because it's better."

"All right, Bessie. Run along," said Miss Dooling, and Bessie shot away.

"We have begun finding out which of the little children have older brothers and sisters in the grades over 5-B —the older children take themselves home, you remember—so that they can just go along with their older broth-

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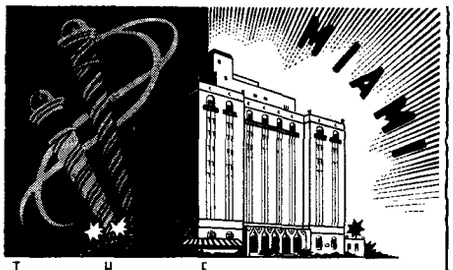

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er or sister instead of with the teacher on the home-escort alarm drills," Miss Dooling said. "Now, let's just look in here," she said, and we went into another classroom. A boy was explaining something about the population of New York; he looked over at us but went on without a pause.

"There are a lot of people, more than seven million people, in New York and they live all over the city, sometimes in places near museums and parks and things," he said. "When people come from foreign countries to New York they like to meet people who speak the same languages they do because they do not speak English language and so sometimes they all live together in one place, called a neighborhood." Having finished, the boy sat down, giving us another look.

"And why do foreigners like to come to live in our country?" asked Miss Dooling smoothly. Five or six hands went up. Miss Dooling nodded to a boy wearing glasses, who got up deliberately, took off his glasses, cleared his throat, and said, "Because we are a free country."

"Very good," said Miss Dooling, looking over the class. "And why have some foreigners come to us recently?"

"To keep bombs from falling on their heads," said the boy soberly. "Many have come from invaded countries that have been occupied."

"That's right," said Miss Dooling. "Oh, there's little Marion. Marion, come here a moment, won't you?" She beckoned to a girl in a skirt and sweater, who smiled, got up from her desk, and walked over to us. "This is Marion Daniel," Miss Dooling said. "We are very proud of Marion, who came over here only two years ago from France and who couldn't speak any English then at all. She's getting along just fine. And there's Alice Reichner, too, from Austria," she said, waving her hand at a girl in the back row. "Alice has also learned English in no time at all, haven't you, Alice?" "Yes, Miss Dooling," said Alice.

WALKING on down the corridor, we met one of the male teachers, whose special assignment, during the home-escort drills, I learned, was to try to stop traffic at Third Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street while the eastbound groups of children were taken across. "We need some radio broadcasting about that," said Miss Dooling. "The motorists need to have it explained to them that they *must stop* when the children are going across the streets on these home-escort drills."

"They are improving somewhat," said the teacher. "They usually stop now, but you can see on their faces expressions of bad humor and revolt."

"Broadcasting would help," said Miss Dooling.

She told me the home-escort drill would not begin until twenty minutes to three, so that the children, once they were home, could just stay there. It was nearly half past two, and I asked her to let me sit in one of the classrooms until the alarm was sounded. She left me in a fourth-grade class, where a poetry recitation was going on, and told me she would meet me downstairs after the alarm sounded.

A boy, very neatly dressed in a blue suit, with his black hair plastered down, was winding up "Armies in the Fire," by Robert Louis Stevenson:

> Then once again the glow returns,
> Again the phantom city burns,
> And down the red hot valley, lo!
> The phantom armies marching go!
>
> Blinking embers, tell me true
> Where are those armies marching to,
> And what the burning city is
> That crumbles in your furnaces?

"It seems a little grim and appropriate," the teacher remarked to me in an undertone, "but he had been learning it for two weeks and I couldn't very well call it all off: I don't think it suggests to them what it does to us, anyway—at least I hope not."

She called on a girl with wide blue eyes and long red pigtails, and the girl got up and recited "Where Do the Old Years Go?," by a poet whose name I didn't catch. I took down one verse:

> I wish you a Happy New Year, Mama—
> I am sure new things are nice—
> And this one comes with a merry face,
> And plenty of snow and ice.

Then another little girl began a third poem:

> Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
> With the wonderful water round you curled,
> And the wonderful grass upon your breasts—
> World, you are beautifully dressed. . . .

Just then the gongs began to sound—a four-gong signal this time for the home-escort alarm—and the children jumped up and filed into the cloakroom. The teacher explained to me that since there is presumably a little time to spare when there is a home-escort alarm, the children get their own coats and hats just as they do at the end of an ordinary school day.

I went down to the ground floor, where the children from all over the

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school were assembling. Large colored squares had been pasted on the walls at regular intervals, and Miss Dooling, whom I found supervising the drill, told me that each of these represented a neighborhood group. "Each child knows which square he or she is supposed to make for when the home-escort alarm sounds," she said. "There aren't enough different colors for all the neighborhood groups, so, as you see, some of them are red squares with white stripes, or white squares with a yellow circle in the centre, and so on. A teacher is in charge of each of these groups. We have found that all the children can reach their homes ten minutes after the alarm sounds, although some of them live a good many blocks from here. The school takes in the neighborhood from Sixty-second to Seventy-second Street and from Fifth Avenue to the East River. It requires about four minutes for them to get out of this building, and the rest of the time they walk fast. Before they leave, the teacher in charge has checked every name on her list to see that none is missing. Absentees from classes are reported promptly to the office in the morning and again after lunch, in case any didn't come back from lunch, so the lists are kept revised right up to the minute. Besides, two teachers are assigned to go into every room, every nook and corner of the school, to be doubly sure that no child has been left behind. The way everything worked today, I really think we're ready for whatever comes."

The children were already starting out, led by the teachers, and in another half-minute or so the school was empty. Miss Dooling and I stood for a moment on the sidewalk outside.

"There!" she said, with a hearty sigh, and laughed. "Well, air raids or no air raids, I still have my tests and grades to go over in the office and I guess I had better get at them."

"This home-escort drill," I said, "seems to take care of everybody but you, Miss Dooling. What are you supposed to do in an air raid after the children and teachers have started for home?"

"Why," she said, "I suppose I would just stay here until it was over."

We said goodbye, and Miss Dooling went back into the empty building.

—St. Clair McKelway

•

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HONORS FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY

A Roster of a Few Individuals Whose Singular Deeds or Words During the Past Twelvemonth Were All but Snowed Under by the Rush of World Events

THE Chicago lawyer who asked a 4,800-word question in court and the witness who answered, "No."

The Commonwealth's Attorney of Virginia who, declaring himself a candidate for reëlection, said, "Nobody asked me to run, but I'm going to run anyway. I need the job."

The Schenectady scientist who discovered a way of preserving snowflakes at room temperature.

The Chicago doctor who crawled through the gullet of a dead whale in an effort to prove the Bible story of Jonah authentic.

The two Columbia University savants who thought they had discovered a method of imparting a twenty-five-cent aroma to a five-cent cigar.

The entomologist in Berkeley, California, who, after years of search, with the chances estimated at a million to one against success, found a snail on whose shell the spirals ran counter-clockwise.

The resident of Kinston, North Carolina, who received the Social Security number 123-45-6789.

The researcher for the Department of Agriculture who developed a straight-necked crookneck squash.

The gentleman who, while introducing a speaker at a convention of artificial-limb manufacturers in Cincinnati, fell from the platform and broke a leg.

The plant-breeder at Purdue University who produced a variety of popcorn with a fifty-per-cent louder pop than the ordinary kind.

The kindhearted Army officer at Boise, Idaho, who ordered airplanes in his command to maintain a minimum of 3,500 feet whenever possible so that birds in the neighborhood would not be disturbed by the noise of droning engines.

The Mayor of Joplin, Missouri, who told the members of his police department that he hoped they would all start attending Sunday school.

The Chicago gunman who held up a tavern and considerately served drinks to the customers before he left.

The workers who went on strike at a factory in Anderson, Indiana, and obligingly mowed the lawn in front of the plant as they picketed.

The young lady who wrote to a New York Army recruiting office volunteering to serve as hostess on a bomber.

The gentleman of Richmond, Virginia, who, by working twenty years, often as long as sixteen hours a day, succeeded in winding a ball of string five feet in circumference.

The County Welfare Board in Des Moines, which denied a pension to a grandmother because she had no documentary proof that she was over eighteen.

The German diplomat in Shanghai who protested because Japan was censoring Nazi news dispatches.

The Chicago engineer who invented a sound-detector so sensitive that it made audible the munching of termites.

The professor at Alfred University who completed a survey which enabled him to conclude that the average student says "Hello" 175 times a day and that some co-eds on warm spring days say it as many as 250 times.

The woman in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, who was found to have been sticking anti-tuberculosis Christmas seals on her chest for years as a precaution against the disease.

The benevolent Governor of Wisconsin, who made an Indian an honorary member of the white race.

The draftee from Columbia, South Carolina, who turned up in camp with a bicycle, a bedroom suite, and a rowing machine.

The inmates of the Kansas City county jail who, when asked what subject they would like most to study under a WPA educational program, voted for "The Theory of Flight."

The postmaster of Lincoln, Nebraska, who supplied his mail-carriers with sacks of dog food to appease vicious animals on their routes.

The carefree population of Smithville, Mississippi, which forgot to hold a scheduled municipal election.

The befuddled recruit at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, who was found to be buying all his meals at the canteen lunch bar because, he said, "On twenty-one dollars a month I couldn't possibly afford to eat in the mess hall."

The Indians of Watonga, Oklahoma, who picketed the local post office with placards reading "Post-office mural of Cheyenne Indians unfair to Cheyenne Indians."

The Iowa draftee who wrote to Selective Service headquarters asking permission to take his military training by mail.

The Moslems of Palestine who built special air-raid shelters for their harems so that their wives wouldn't have to mix with strange men in the public shelters.

The lugubrious state senator in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, who, pointing out that the legislature had passed only one of the twenty-nine bills he had introduced during the session, remarked, "In this Commonwealth the works are gummed."

The policeman who seized a still in a park near London, Kentucky, and later learned that it had been placed there as part of an exhibit of mountain industries.

The hasty Chicago doctor who passed a draftee with a wooden leg.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN
and JOSEPH P. POLLARD

•

UNFAIR TO PANZERS

Dispatches come, dispatches go,
There are moments when we know

Very little of the battle
Causing earth's old bones to rattle.

But there is one note that clears
The air of propaganda smears,

Tells without a shred of doubt
Just how things are working out

On the map, whose plunging arrow
Often freezes heart and marrow.

When indignant Germans claim
Russians cheat at war's nice game,

Opposing culture with technique
Of which no Aryan would speak,

And add, "Who ever, ever saw
Such scorn of international law?,"

Then, oh then, we fold the paper,
Take a sip, and cut a caper,

Having got our news, of course,
From an unimpeachable source.

—HORTENSE FLEXNER

•

Lifelong friends of the S—— family were among the several hundred guests at the reception, as were many who have helped to make county and state history and their wives.—*Nassau Daily Review-Star.*

They *would* show up.

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THE RACE TRACK

Under New Management

TROPICAL PARK, it may or may not surprise you to hear, is just about the same as it always was. The race horses who have been coming to Miami every winter for years have been behaving as they usually do (only sixteen favorites won in seven days), trainers are comparing sun tans or talking fishing, attendance is almost as good as this time last year, and, what's really important to the new management, the betting is hot and getting hotter.

Control of Tropical, you may remember, was acquired in September from Owney and Marty Madden, Frank Erickson, and others by a syndicate headed by Harry Straus and Charles and Gurnee Munn, officials of the American Totalisator Company, which operates the electric betting machines at most of the big race courses. Among those who put up money were Herbert Swope, Jock Whitney, Laddie Sanford, William Rhinelander Stewart, Nicholas Schenck, Edward Lasker, Thomas E. Bragg, and A. Charles Schwartz. Since there was so little time in which to work this season, not many changes at Tropical were expected, but the new owners have managed to add a few extra touches. There's at least one improvement that I can strongly recommend: the open-air paddock walking ring which has been made out of the dark and stuffy saddling shed. The roof and partitions of the shed have been removed, leaving the walls as a sort of peristyle; the ground has been sodded, a path of tanbark has been laid, and some palm trees have been set out. The effect is altogether charming. There's also a new, gay, Venetian-red awning at the rear of the grandstand to keep the sun or rain, as the case may be, off customers cashing tickets at the tote windows, which is really, I suppose, more important than an open-air paddock. I must not forget, either, to report that the penthouse in the clubhouse has been made very bright and modern; for example, a fine old Spanish oak table and bench, ornaments of the room when Big Bill Dwyer ran the show, have emerged from the doing-over slick and bleached and barely recognizable.

IT'S said that a good horse eventually comes back to his best form. Sometimes, though, waiting for him to do it wears you down; I daresay that The Chief hadn't won a race of any importance in years until he came in first last week in the Christmas Handicap at Tropical. However, his running in that handicap reminded horsemen of how he polished off the best we had in the Brooklyn Handicap and the Dwyer Stakes in 1938, for he not only led all the way but tied the track record. Lots of people are going to bet on him next time he starts, but as to whether he's going to win or return to his old, fallible ways, your guess is as good as mine. Next to The Chief's performance, the one I especially liked at Tropical last week was that of Incoming, a two-year-old, in winning the Key West Handicap.

I DON'T remember when there were more horses at Hialeah than are there now, getting ready for the opening on January 14th. Alsab hasn't been out on the track yet. He has been clipped because the weather has been so warm, but he looks well and happy even if slightly plucked. Market Wise and War Relic are going out regularly for light exercise. By the way, George Carroll, who trains Market Wise, sent a Christmas telegram to Whirlaway at Santa Anita. "Wish you were here," he wired, and signed it "Market Wise."

IF you think it over, naming a race track offers as many possibilities as naming a horse. My favorite is—or was—the one at gallant Hong Kong: the Happy Valley Race Course.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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(HOME OWNERSHIP DIVISION)

[*From the Tampa Times*]

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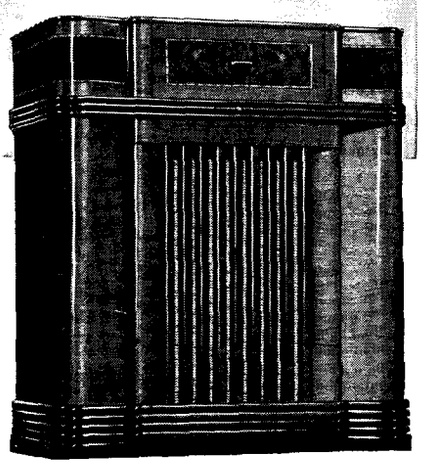

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PROSPECTIVE winter vacationists are making a to-do over the Brigance play clothes at Lord & Taylor. These are the kind of thing American women love to wear. The bathing suits are either just shorts or circular skirts, to wear below brassières and naked midriffs, or the more flattering one-piece, dressmakery type. None of this, of course, is News. It is in color and fabric that you find the real ingenuity. Note the use of upholstery fabrics, such as a banana-color faille with rose satin stripes at the top of one bathing suit and yellow satin detail on the bra of another. A thin and pliable taffeta of the old-fashioned, hair-ribbon consistency makes bathing suits and play dresses in plaids.

When Brigance can't find a print he likes, he is inclined to create the illusion of print by using either braid or embroidery. Hence the pink embroidered life-savers on a one-piece bathing suit of tortoise-tan poplin; the white braid that zigzags along a pale-yellow band around a bathing suit of a gray fabric called Celbrook, which resembles a fine, rippling sharkskin; the green braid that makes a leaf design around the neck, waist, and hem of an impertinent white piqué bathing suit; and the chartreuse braid, with red feather-stitching, around the waistline of one in raspberry poplin.

When Brigance *can* find a print he likes, it is almost sure to be a beauty; witness a fragile black Chantilly lace print on pink or pale-blue Celbrook. This makes, among other treasures, a play dress that you'll want to wear everywhere, a print blouse with a childish ruffled collar, and a full skirt with a black grosgrain belt. Plain pink or blue shorts go with this combination, and the whole thing is heavenly. Another print you will love is Brigance's "split peapod," with brown and yellow-green pods on a white ground. This is used for the halter top of one of the best slacks costumes you'll ever see—a one-piece affair with slender pants in a warm cocoa brown. It's very trig and tailored and bare; when you want to look sloppy and casual and covered-up, you add the designer's pet blouse in the same print, tucking it in at the sides. Another top, usually occurring in silk jersey, goes on like a loose jacket and is then tied across the breasts and around the waist; separate loose panels, dangling from its shoulders, descend to tuck into your slacks or shorts and cover up your front a little more. Things here cost from $14.95 up into the thirties, and are definitely to be doted on.

AT Bonwit Teller, they cling tenaciously to the notion, timidly advanced around town last season, that black looks better than anything, anywhere. Therefore they show a series of suits that combine dull and shiny black and are adroitly cut on suave dressmaker lines, in many cases to accommodate sizes up to 46. Pleated black satin skirts have surplice tops in dull-black silk jersey; dull-black sharkskin has gleaming satin appliquéd around the bottom. They are doing wonders here with taffeta Lastex (look at a suit that has gathers up the sides and flat, restraining folds across the stomach) and, for people who insist on loving wool swim suits better than any other, with a woollen Lastex. The woollen Lastex suits are cut longer through the torso than is customary and the attached skirt descends a bit in back, giving a touch of modesty that is, aesthetically at least, badly needed on our shores. For the very young and slim, a group of play dresses and bathing suits in red, green, or yellow glazed chintz are fine. Among them are bathing suits with elastic midriffs and flaring skirts.

For women in sizes up to 20, there is an inspired development of pajamas with tunic tops. Bonwit has lots of them in sharkskin, notably one with a flame-colored top that is gathered below the waistline in back to give it additional grace. Also, there are always the wonderful classic slacks and shirts and jackets in wool or linen, sold separately and tailored to perfection, for people who want costumes of this kind to be both beautiful and matter-of-fact. The same people will go for the jackets that are to be found around here. Good single-breasted, three-button ones in imported gabardine, including the white that is so hard to get, are $29.95; others, in imported clan plaids on white grounds, cost $39.95 and are shown with skirts of a thin all-white or matching imported tweed. The jackets are excellent, naturally, and there are tapering slacks in these same clan plaids, if you want to be thoroughly gaudy.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE have staggered this department badly with a new passion for Waterboy shorts, which are cut something like a laundry bag and are about knee length. A purple jersey

"I must say I don't see anything particularly difficult about it."

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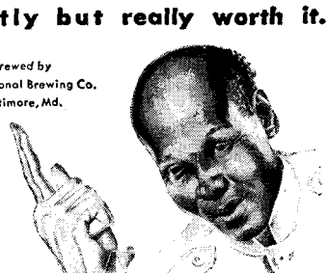

NATIONAL *Premium* BEER
A pale dry

pair is accompanied by a cyclamen-colored, knitted, short-sleeved sweater that is trimmed with gilt buttons and has a blue sash tied in a bow right in the bottom buttonhole. The effect is quite extraordinary and, if you are sure you are as chic as anyone could possibly be, you will look lovely in them. A shorts suit with a corseted, ballet bodice top is another eye-opener here, strapless and boned and adorned with contrasting lacings. It is of yellow piqué and has blue lacings down the back; to go with it there's a knee-length white piqué skirt that has yellow bowknots and blue flowers painted on it.

As for me, I was a lot happier looking at things like a knockout beach coat of natural crash with tremendous pink flamingoes painted on its flaring skirt and pink grosgrain bringing the waistline to a minimum; it is shown over just about the best-looking dressy maillot you ever saw, too—one made of elastic taffeta, with a soft brassière-draped top adorned by a bow that is black in back and, in front, a deep coral which they call China pink. The price is $9.95, and every slender girl ought to help enliven the scene by owning one. Black for the beach is popular here and appears in quantities of bathing suits, such as one of taffeta with a halter neck, a low décolletage, and a Victorian box-pleated frill at the hem; $10.95. If you want color with this suit, look at a cape of gold sharkskin, fastened by a tiny frog at the throat, which can easily double for evening. It's $25. Black also crops up in play dresses; a two-piece one of percale has a full skirt trimmed at the hips with pink rickrack in jumbo size. Saks hasn't forgotten black beach shoes, either; you can find anything, from espadrilles to the most elaborate clogs. —L. L.

•

HOW MANY GRAINS, PLEASE?

Dogs and cats which show great fear during air raids may be given aspirin or sodium bromide, in doses varying from one to fifteen grains, according to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—*The Times.*

When air raids come, I do not think
  That I shall make a beeline
To minister a calming drink
  To trembling pup or feline.

And yet the kind S.P.C.A.
  Could do me quite a service
If they'd prescribe against the day
  I might, myself, get nervous.

—Richard Armour

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MUSICAL EVENTS

New Business, Mostly

THIS season's guest regime of the Philharmonic-Symphony by Dimitri Mitropoulos will be remembered for (among other things) the number of first performances that the conductor spread across his programs. Some were New York premières, others were initial performances by the Philharmonic-Symphony, and several—although not so designated officially—probably were first and last times.

In checking over some of the presentations, allowance must be made for Mr. Mitropoulos's dynamism as a director. The almost constant excitement that he gets into many of his performances isn't artificial; he is obviously sincere in the intensity with which he charges almost everything he conducts. This quality, however, lends to certain compositions an effect of stress that might not be there if another conductor were presenting them. For instance, Darius Milhaud's charming Suite Provençale was played brilliantly, but I imagine that a certain bonhomie in the score was not so apparent as it might have been.

Mr. Mitropoulos's electricity, on the other hand, coupled with his great ability to get results from his orchestra, was just the thing for Paul Hindemith's symphony in E flat, a finely written work that demanded the punch the conductor supplied to it. Richard Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," one of the few not-first-timers that Mr. Mitropoulos offered, was handled so incisively that the obsolescent parts of the score came to life. The visiting maestro added an interesting zip to the orchestral score of the second Rachmaninoff piano concerto, and—well, the net of it would be that the number of compositions he did handsomely by would outweigh those he helped too powerfully.

Among the novelties was David Diamond's first symphony, a sure-handed essay by one of our most gifted young composers. There was, however, a sense of something crowded in the work, and of something left unsaid in spite of the skillful craftsmanship.

ANOTHER American composition that had its first concert showing hereabouts (it has a radio history) was David Van Vactor's set of Bagatelles for String Orchestra, ushered into Town Hall by the Saidenberg Little Symphony and its able young conductor, Daniel Saidenberg. It was tuneful, attractively scored material, but some of the bagatelles went on to the point of becoming bigatelles.

One of the best entertainments of 1941 was the session of the American Ballad Singers, directed by Elie Siegmeister, at Town Hall. Mr. Siegmeister had arranged almost two dozen American native songs fetchingly and his vocal sextet sang them with euphony and humor. If you want to go to a concert for fun as well as the things one usually goes for, get a load of the American Ballad Singers next time they come around.

THE second performance of "The Magic Flute" in English at the Metropolitan was a New York début for Miss Nadine Conner, who sang and acted Pamina so well that she ought to get plenty of work at the opera. I'm not summarizing Miss Conner entirely on what I heard at "The Magic Flute," because I used to listen to her pretty regularly on the radio, where she was interesting not only for her voice but also for her versatility. Her English is clear and she doesn't indulge in the appalling practice of trilling the "r"s at 120 revolutions per minute.

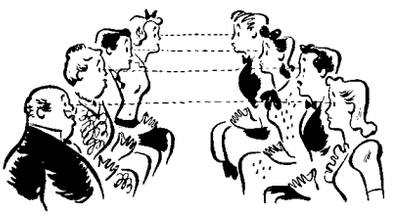
Curiously enough, there was a world première at the Metropolitan last week in the season's first showing of "The Barber of Seville." That was an air by Pietro Cimara, introduced by Miss Bidu Sayao into the lesson scene—"L'Inutile Precauzione," which, by the way, is the subtitle of the opera. Rossini's music for this episode was lost long ago, and sopranos have been singing all sorts of substitutes, from the Proch variations to, perhaps (nothing being impossible in opera), "Elmer's Tune." Mr. Cimara's contribution is a good, romantic melody, with coloratura trimmings that need a bit of pointing up to be completely effective. The performance of the entire opera was tidy and lively under Frank St. Leger's knowing conducting, and all that's needed now is to have it done in English.—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Mrs. Annie Sikes was a secret visitor in West Palm Beach. She spent some time with her husband, H. B. Sikes, Sr.—*Palatka (Fla.) Daily News.*

Hmm, *l'amour!*

So we brought out the Family "Albums"



WHEN THE BOSS AND HIS FAMILY COME FOR DINNER you can't just sit and look at each other all evening. We decided the Hydes should have *music*—but none of us knew whether they like it lofty, light, or low-down.

"MR. HYDE IS ALWAYS HUMMING *STARDUST,*" I suggested. "Then get something *else* for the others," advised my wife, "waltzes, perhaps." But young Jane insisted if she were to make time with Toby Hyde she must have blues or boogy-woogy.

"WHAT THIS FAMILY NEEDS," chimed in Fred, "is a lesson in Victor *Musical Smart Sets*—swell albums of *four records each* that even I can afford on *my* allowance. There are some nifty new ones out . . . one by Raymond Paige's Young Americans that includes a sweet arrangement of *Stardust* . . . a torchy volume of Helen Morgan vocals for Sis to try on Toby, and 8 sides sung by Russ Columbo to break the ice nicely for me and *Miss* Hyde."

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Not for Archbishops

STARS and extras have been tireless of late, and yet the consequences cannot leave the rest of us altogether exultant. The saddest thing of all is Madame Garbo's "Two-Faced Woman," her great mistake, and one can feel only that the archbishop who opposed the showing of the film was her one true friend.

Of Garbo's folly there is little really to say. Just condolences might be enough. "Two-Faced Woman" is bedroom farce, and the bedroom is very badly lighted. There is about the whole thing a light so unbecoming that neither Garbo, nor Melvyn Douglas, nor Constance Bennett survives the crude glare. Ruth Gordon is not even recognizable.

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER" is a cheerful film at any rate, if carping souls don't think that Bette Davis has been used to very little purpose. Apparently she, like Garbo, is determined to be a comic, or at least a figure in comedies, where none of her force, her grim and sombre talent, can be displayed. Her part is actually a minor one here—that of the secretary—and though she is expert and smooth, one wonders that she bothered. Ann Sheridan certainly seems a bit too bumptious as the siren. Indeed, the only lady who thrives in the piece is Ruth Vivian, as the weird sister with the mysterious past, and her chipmunk-like comings and goings are always a delight.

The men, however, do better. After a deal of fuss and fidget, which anyhow busied the columnists, the obvious choice for the part was made, and the resplendent, ducal—ah, imperial—Monty Woolley reënacts his celebrated rôle. Possibly the camera illuminates a gentleness in the character which the footlights blurred, and one is inclined to suspect that this celebrity, with his savage tongue, has a good heart under it all.

The final scenes of the Kaufman-Hart comedy, which turned it rather too much into a circus on the stage, fare better on the screen, where we can take a hullabaloo as a matter of course, and Jimmy Durante and Reginald Gardiner both manage well. Although two gentlemen, the Messrs. Julius J. and Phillip G. Epstein, receive credit for the screen play, their fame depends upon hardly half a dozen lines, so closely has the original script been followed, as all but eremites who never saw the play will immediately testify.

ANOTHER great success of the stage has also reached the screen. For years, I understand, adventurous writers have pawed over various possibilities of handling "The Shanghai Gesture" in such a fashion that archbishops would endorse it. Now, at last, the muses have hinted to Josef von Sternberg that he change Mother Goddam's scandalous name to something as genteel as Mother Gin Sling, make her the proprietress of nothing more disreputable than a gambling den, and then just go ahead with the old John Colton story. This, I think, would have been enough, and we might again have thrilled to the night-life depravities of the prewar East had von Sternberg been equally inspired in his casting. With all the wonders of make-up to aid her, with her hair twisted like a Gorgon's and given a molasses sheen, Ona Munson, as Mother Gin Sling, brings to the palatial vice of old Shanghai the wholesome, unnerving accent of her own Oregon. Gene Tierney is less the abandoned rich girl than she is a young woman having a tantrum in Schrafft's over the fudge sauce. Victor Mature, in a burnous, and Walter Huston, even Walter Huston, stalk through vaguely outlined rôles. The extras, however, are often superb, and masses of them add color to the film. It is a film made for extras, in fact, and vistas and crowds—crowds of diplomats, of coolies, of junk men, of "bird-cage" girls, of fashionable roulette players—form a magnificent pageant, quite up to our hopes, of those wicked, somewhat quaint, Eastern orgies.

JOHN BARRYMORE as John Barrymore embarrasses us for two minutes with a serious rendition of Hamlet's soliloquy in "Playmates," but he is most of the time a good-natured parody of himself, while Kay Kyser and Kay Kyser's band try to keep up with him. . . . At least no hint that Jimmy Durante wants to be a tragedian is indicated in "You're in the Army Now." Perhaps in his case something Aeschylean would be a nice change. —JOHN MOSHER

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BOOKS

Joe and Joe

A FEW years ago most of us would have sworn that the Eagle and the Bear were about as likely to lie down together as the lion and the lamb. Now Russia and the United States are semi-allies and before this mess is over are bound to be full partners. This did not come about by accident nor is it due to any sudden growth of sentimental affinity. The governmental methods of Stalin are not our methods nor are ours his, and it is highly improbable that this difficulty in Soviet-American relations will be eliminated as a result of a strengthening of military ties. The plain fact remains, however, that Russia can continue as it is and we can continue as we are without any danger of the war that was bound to occur between us and Hitler's Germany.

These are not my opinions, the opinions of a book-reviewer without claims to even amateur standing in the field of world politics. They are the opinions of a hardboiled American lawyer whose life associations have been almost entirely with big business, whose whole outlook is capitalist, and who, according to the books, should be about as pro-Soviet as Ham Fish. They are the opinions of our ex-Ambassador to Russia, Joseph E. Davies, as expressed again and again in his "Mission to Moscow." I would suggest that when Joe Davies and Joe Stalin do a handshaking act in public, that's news.

"Mission to Moscow" is not really a book but a compilation of confidential dispatches to the State Department, reports to the President, diary entries, and personal correspondence. It would be silly to assert that it has either the news value or the human interest of Mr. Shirer's "Berlin Diary," with which it might superficially be compared. It is more a semi-official reference work which throws light on the circumstances that have lodged the Capitol and the Kremlin in the same bed and, incidentally, demonstrates the farsightedness and true patriotism of Mr. Roosevelt's whole foreign policy. It may well be contrasted with such a book as Sir Nevile Henderson's "Failure of a Mission," the record of a man who, at the most charitable estimate, failed to see and evaluate the forces under his long, patrician nose, whereas Mr. Davies, merely a simple businessman without experience in diplomacy, guessed right and on the whole advised his government correctly during his entire incumbency. Possibly his objectivity was greater than that of Sir Nevile, who, you will remember, rather liked Göring.

The bulk of the book consists of dispatches from Moscow covering the last half of 1937 and the first half of 1938. This was during the period of the great purges. It is too much to claim, as the jacket blurb does, that Mr. Davies tells the "inside story" of the treason trials. What he does do is to examine, with more coolness than our native Stalinists and anti-Stalinists did, the official Kremlin explanation, and he concludes that on the whole it seems a probable one. If that explanation is correct—there is no decisive *proof* anywhere in the book—it enables us partly to understand why there has been no Fifth Column activity in Russia and why Russia alone has been able to withstand the Nazi onslaught. Mr. Davies believes, in other words, that the liquidation both of the Bukharin-Trotskyist faction and of the Tukhachevsky military clique saved Russia from falling an easy prey to Hitler. He foresaw not only the Nazi-Soviet pact (a product of Munich, he would undoubtedly call it) but the German attack on Russia and the strength of the Red resistance.

Mr. Davies is anti-Communist and pro-Russian. His anti-Communism, however, is tempered by his belief, backed up by considerable shrewd observation, that the Stalin regime is turning more and more to the right and that the motive of private gain is being allowed greater and greater leeway. But whatever form the government may take, he is bullish on the Russian bear in general. A large part of his book is devoted to a detailed demonstration of his central conviction of the immensity of the Russians' future and of the necessity that we play economic ball with them.

In all this he was guided, it is only fair to state, by the conversations he had with Litvinoff. I do not think Mr. Davies would repudiate the statement that Litvinoff was his tutor in international politics. Therefore the correctness of Mr. Davies' judgments becomes a partial function of the correctness of Litvinoff's judgments, and for the last ten years that shrewd old Bolshevik has been very nearly one-hundred-per-cent right.

In distinction to a few other American diplomats, whose names it is perhaps best not to recall these days, Mr. Davies was anti-Nazi from the start and had very few illusions as to the seriousness of Hitler's plans for world domination. His dislike of the Nazis stems mainly from his abhorrence of their persecution of Catholics and Protestants, and in this respect he may possibly be accused of taking the part for the whole. But, however peripherally he may have been motivated, his analysis of the Nazi set-up in 1937 and 1938 turned out to be realistic and enormously helpful to the State Department, though much less realistic, one must confess, than the appraisals of a dozen American news-

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paper correspondents during the same period. However, I do not think you can expect a diplomat, even one as intelligent and objective as Mr. Davies, to have the almost intuitive vision of a Gunther, a Shirer, or a Stowe. Someday we may adopt the policy of sending out two ambassadors to each major country—one a dignified, able official of the Davies type, the other merely a highly intelligent, exceedingly human, and sympathetic newspaperman who would dig up the kind of information that few diplomats, by virtue of their positions, are able to gather.

CARL CARMER's "Genesee Fever" is sufficiently removed from the standard historical-novel groove to warrant mild recommendation. The time is just after the Revolution and the scene is upstate, Lake Ontario country, which, I think, is almost untouched literary terrain. There was a real-estate agent in those days named Williamson, who dreamed of converting the region into an American version of county England and whose aristocratic theories collided head on with the sturdy democratic convictions of the small farmers and townsmen. Around this central theme, Mr. Carmer spins a diverting yarn involving an Indian princess, a semi-lunatic female saint, a beautiful young follower of the saint, a gallant Virginian who espouses the democratic cause, and divers fights, raids, horse races, and other picturesque commotions. The local color—Mr. Carmer is an old hand at the game—is patly applied. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE IVORY MISCHIEF, by Arthur Meeker, Jr. Eight hundred and forty-five large pages, being the life story of two sisters, the most beautiful women of their time, in seventeenth-century France, with innumerable details of costume, cuisine, and house furnishings. Advertisements of the book describe the era portrayed as "the richest, fastest, most outrageous, most fashionable, most brilliant, most elaborate, most ornate, most arrogant, most amorous" in the history of our civilization. In the face of such an encomium, a minority report that finds the period merely tedious is probably immaterial and irrelevant.

GENERAL

A MARITIME HISTORY OF NEW YORK, compiled by the Writers Program of the Works Projects Administration for the City of New York. The tremendous growth of our port from the sixteenth century up to the present—a fascinating record of patroons, smugglers, shipbuilding, river steamers, Black Ball packets, clippers, and so on, well organized and ably written. Introduction by Fiorello H. LaGuardia. Illustrated.

LINCOLN, by Stefan Lorant. A fine biography in text and photographs—ninety-five Lincoln portraits, many by Matthew Brady, and a few hitherto unknown, plus three hundred pictures of Lincoln's family, his Cabinet, his generals, the historic scenes in which he took part, and so forth. An intelligent job.

RANSOMING THE TIME, by Jacques Maritain, translated by Harry Lorin Binsse. Ten distinguished social-religious essays by the French neo-Thomist philosopher, on such subjects as Nazism, Communism, anti-Semitism, and the ideas of Pascal and Bergson. Often eloquent and illuminating, but the mixed vocabulary—part scientific, part literary-philosophic—is difficult at times.

INTRODUCING AUSTRALIA, by C. Hartley Grattan. Well-informed, up-to-the-minute interpretation of our South Pacific ally, in which the author takes up Australia's geography, politics, trade unionism, expanding industry, etc., and explains the attitudes and preoccupations that govern her relations with the United Kingdom and her policy in the Pacific. Good photographs.

CIVIL AIR DEFENSE, by Lieutenant Colonel Augustin M. Prentiss, U.S.A. A fairly technical but, praise be, detailed treatise on the protection of the civil population against air attack. Helpful reading for wardens. Illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

ALPHABET HICKS, by Rex Stout. Alphabet Hicks, Mr. Stout's corny new detective, solves a good mystery. You will probably not like this new boy, who is a disbarred lawyer, nearly as much as you did Nero Wolfe.

•

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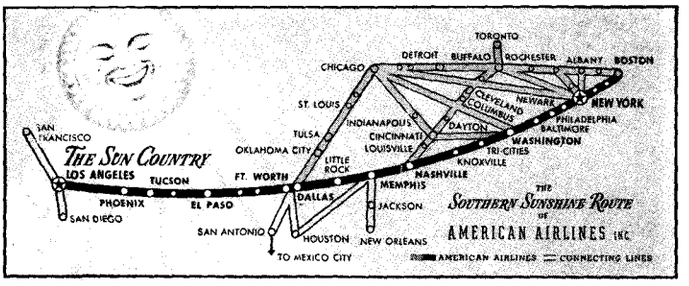

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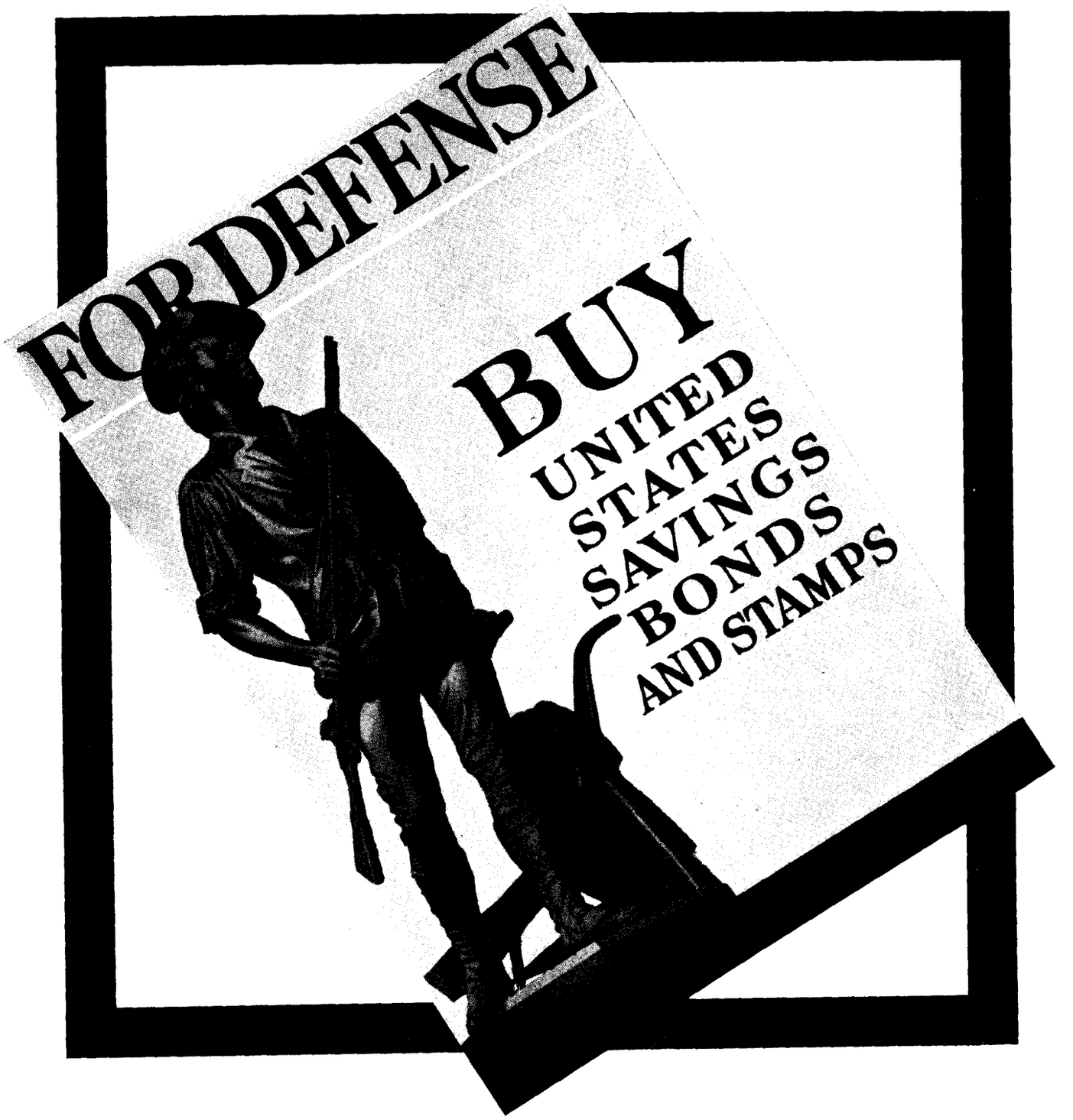

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